

A MONOLITH

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THE FIFTH SEX



by Bob Dylan Ph.D. and Janet Kling M.S.

THE FORBIDDEN WORLD OF
THE HERMAPHRODITES

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Bob Dylan and Janet Kling were a pair of university students who weren't satisfied to do research in a campus library. Far from it. The pair of them teamed up and went out into the field to find out what made their subjects tick.

And their subjects weren't like any other you have ever encountered. They were the members of The Fifth Sex, the small but substantial group of hermaphrodites that exists in American society. Bob and Janet didn't just interview their subjects; they lived with them, loved with them, orgied with them. Needless to say, no college has the courage to publish their findings, but Monolith Books are proud to bring you their amazing story.

**The
Fifth
Sex**

by

Bob Dylan, Ph.D.

and

Janet Kling, M.S.

A MONOLITH BOOK

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INTRODUCTION

Scientific investigation of any sort is ordinarily for the purpose of compiling pertinent information. It is done to clarify and bring light into fields of obscurity. Delving into the riddle of sex, however, researchers have produced more obscurity and more complexity. Instead of the accepted "two sexes" with their anatomical differences, there are a dozen or more separate concepts and manifestations of sex and each could be of significant importance to any given individual.

Sexual definition of any member of the human race falls into one of six primary areas of investigation: chromosomal, genetic, anatomical, legal, gonadal and psychological-social. For our purposes we shall combine the third and last categories and present case histories as those individuals belonging to the Fifth Sex; true hermaphrodites or pseudohermaphrodites.

At the moment of conception, when the father's sperm cell enters the mother's egg, the sex of the child-to-be is decided for all time. If the male sperm carries a Y chromosome — and approximately half of them do — the fetus will (normally that is) develop male sex organs and a boy will be born. If the male sperm carries an X chromosome, the normal development will detail female sex organs for the fetus, resulting in the birth of a girl.

The female egg cell always contains an X chromosome and therefore the normal male chromosomal constellation is designated XY. The normal female is designated XX.

Nature quite often makes mistakes, however. She does it through simple error, or as a result of efforts to better the species through change. In these cases, unfortunate in most instances, various imperfectly understood abnormalities occur. Constellations of XXY, XXYY and XXXXY have been observed clinically, resulting in more or less severe "defects" in the physical and/or mental makeup of the child. These changed patterns have been referred to as a "mosaic" of sex.

Gonadal sex is the collective term for the testes and ovaries. *Genital* sex defines the visible sex organs and provides the simplest way of determining whether the child is male or female. When combined, the two are used to legally determine how the child is to be reared, and therein lies the problems surrounding the Fifth Sex.

Barring abnormal fetal development in the womb which brings about hermaphroditic indications, the newborn boy or girl will reveal the sex through the presence or absence of primary and secondary sex organs. The gonads — the testes and ovaries — are the primary organs, while the penis, vagina and breasts are considered secondary, along with either male or female psychological makeup and tendency. Gonadal and psychological sex can war with one another, and great problems arise for those unfortunate individuals in whom this occurs. Their lives are quite often torn asunder by nature herself, and further mangled by the society in which they live. Less common but still very much in existence are those endowed with the sex organs of both the male and the female, and these individuals find themselves with a double burden.

Before an individual in trouble can be helped, he must first be found. Medical people find some hermaphrodites and pseudohermaphrodites and students of human behavior find others. Surgical teams of dedicated men and women solve the problems of the majority of the first, and experts in the field of human behavior help the majority of the second.

Locating a person or thing indicates the process of detection. The individual who constantly searches for something or someone is in effect, although not officially, a detective. Holders of college or university degrees — or those seeking them — who intend to make their professional careers in the fields of surgical medicine or human behavior are among the best detectives in the world. They have to be: all too often what seems to be a fact turns out to be a falsity, and vice versa, especially in the field of sex.

The following chapters will concern themselves with locating and helping those of the Fifth Sex hermaphrodites and pseudohermaphrodites. Actual case histories of troubled individuals will be detailed, along with surgical techniques and/ or psychological treatments used to bring them into the realm of the "normal or near-normal."

But first we need our "detectives," two senior university students dedicated to the helping of mankind.

Bob Dylan and Janet Kling are twenty-four and twenty-three years of age, respectively. Both attended the same eastern university. They have plans to one day establish a home and family with each other.

They quite often work together in compiling case histories of the sexually burdened, and share the same experiences. At other times they work alone but share the solutions with one another. Aiding them in their efforts are personal acquaintances engaged in professional pursuits such as doctors, lawyers, sociologists, penologists and clergymen.

It is from the files of Bob and Janet that this manuscript takes its source material. The case histories to follow are factual; only the names of those involved have been changed. Only those cases dealing with the Fifth Sex, the hermaphrodites and pseudohermaphrodites, have been selected for publication.

Each chapter will contain a single instance of one who, of necessity, lives in a world of shadow and abnormality. His or her (or its) world may be abnormal from a physical, mental or psychological standpoint, or sometimes from all three.

To add to the sense of mystery that surrounds our neighbors-of-the-shadows, each chapter will be a complete factual tale experienced by one of our two investigators. They will be told in the first person and passed on to the reader exactly as they were given to me.

Fact is indeed stranger than fiction.

— The Editor

CHAPTER ONE

Bob Dylan's *A CASE OF PENIS IDENTITY*

The bachelor party for Marv Henkle was held at Poopsie's Lounge out on River Road. It was only at the last minute that I found I was free to attend, and it was extremely fortunate for me that I did. If I had been unable to make it, I would have missed participating in one of the most fascinating case histories of my budding career.

The dinner and drinking, plus the good-natured heckling afforded all foolish young men contemplating marriage, was nothing out of the ordinary. Everybody ate too much, drank too much, and laughed just enough to make their eyes water. The party itself was a huge success.

It was during dinner that I noticed an extremely neat waiter. He seemed to be around thirty years of age and was very powerfully built. As he positioned himself near our group I noticed that his face alternated between delight and extreme dejection as he followed our horseplay. This alone aroused my professional interest and I suspected that he was burdened with quite a problem.

I studied him from time to time as the evening passed. Even though he was powerfully built, he still moved with an ease which surprised me. His manner was almost effeminate and I wondered if he was homosexual. I knew that such individuals quite often made the food business their occupation because of the way such establishments accepted them into the order of things.

What really impressed me was his manner in

relation to our group. He watched Marv with obvious envy-without-malice, and yet with a sort of gladness for our guest of honor. It was during the moments when other thoughts seemed to occupy his mind that his expression became one of abject misery. At one point there were tears in his eyes.

We had reserved a private meeting room for Marv's party, and, after the dinner and drinks, the group demanded that we educate the prospective bridegroom in the finer techniques of sex. They were referring to the movie film to which I had access and had promised to bring along.

Someone locked the door as the movie projector was being prepared. The waiter who had been serving our needs all evening was locked in with us, although he wasn't aware of it at the time. I don't think anyone there gave the man a second thought as the machine was turned on and the ceiling lights turned out.

"Hey, hey! Look at that!" one of the guests chortled from the shadows as a full color scene sprang to life on the screen.

"Yeah, I've always wondered what one looked like close-up!" someone else chuckled as the action unfolded.

The film in question was one which had been professionally produced by a research institute for the medical profession. The first scenes were of a buxom, naked girl reclining on a cot with her vagina spread for the camera's inspection. The hairy outer labia were held open to reveal the smooth, pink inner flesh, and the photographer had also caught the tiny nub of the clitoris which stood stiffly above the inner lips.

"Here he comes!" someone whispered in an owlsh voice as the camera switched to a well built young man just removing his shorts.

"Boy, he's ready," came a subdued retort as the camera lens focused on a completely rigid penis and massive testicles.

At this point the film's director had inserted into the footage a line illustration, or drawing, of the female anatomy, along with a printed explanation of the function of each female sexual part. Although the explanation was well done from a medical standpoint, the viewers soon became impatient.

"Come on, let's get back to the action!" someone exclaimed in apparent disgust.

"There he goes!" another voice burst out of the semi-darkness as the scene returned to the naked couple.

On the screen, the man now kissed and fondled the girl, running his tongue against hers and squeezing her huge-nippled breast in his hand. The photographer had done a marvelous job in his close-up sequences, especially those random shots of the actor's penis and the girl's visibly moist and gaping vagina.

"Hey, look at that guy!" someone gasped as the male actor slipped down and ran his tongue into the girl's vagina.

"Yeah! That's livin'! Look at his pulse increase!" someone else gasped.

Superimposed on the color film was a graph showing the rate of increase in the heart action of both participants. The young man's reaction was much faster than the girl's as he performed cunnilingus upon her. As the camera panned across her face, however, it was evident that her pleasure was mounting with each thrust of his tongue.

It was at this point that I noticed the waiter standing back in the area used for the preparation of food and drinks. His face was pale and drawn in the light from a window and he was actually

trembling. As he watched the film unfold, he seemed to be in an agony from which he couldn't withdraw. My professional interest and curiosity mounted steadily and I wondered what his problem really was.

Back on the screen, the girl had evidently enjoyed a climax as the male actor manipulated her clitoris with the tip of his tongue. Again the photographer had performed an outstanding job in recording the exquisite agony which had gripped her facial features, and exclamations ran through our assembled group.

"He sucked her clear off!" a familiar owlish voice whispered in delight.

"Hey, he's up and over her and he's got it in his hand!" another voice chortled as the male actor mounted the willing girl slowly and carefully, keeping the efforts of the photographer in mind.

A chorus of groans filled our room as the film sequence switched to another line illustration depicting the parts of the sexual anatomy of the male. On the screen, the drawing represented the flaccid, or limp, penis, and then the completely rigid tool. Increase in the size of the testicles as they prepared to release sperm cells was also demonstrated.

"He's putting it in! Look at those lips stretch around it!" someone whispered.

The scene unfolded with the actor's penis slowly penetrating the girl's vagina to approximately half of the available length. At that point, he began to piston her slowly and regularly. At the side of the film, the director had superimposed a line drawing demonstrating what was taking place inside both sexual anatomies.

"Hey! This is great stuff! Downright educational!" someone yelled, and the room broke into loud guffaws.

“He’s educating her all right! Look at his nuts swell in that drawing. He’s going to graduate her and give her a diploma in a minute!” someone else added, drawing another huge laugh from our group.

I again studied the waiter at the back of the room. He seemed frozen as he watched the perfectly natural sex act which was filling the screen. His face was a study in horror and misery and I wondered why he didn’t spare himself and turn away.

The film sequence now concerned itself with close-up shots of the genitals of the actor and actress. The young man how pressed his penis into the girl’s vagina to the testicles, and the line drawing superimposed on the side of the film demonstrated complete insertion with the lips of the womb slightly spread. The color sequence showed the spasmodic movements of the anal openings of both the young man and the girl, while the line drawing demonstrated the movement of sperm cells up the male tubes into the prostate gland.

The film action increased markedly as the young man began to work his buttocks very rapidly. The line drawing accompanied the cadence and then, quite suddenly, the camera panned across the face of the actor and he was quite evidently gripped in his climax. As the camera returned to the genitals, the penis was inserted completely and motion ceased.

“Look at that! He’s shooting it up her twat!” the owlish voice exclaimed, referring to the line drawing which illustrated the sudden burst of milky semen from the head, or glans penis, of the young man’s buried penis. Accompanying each hypothetical stream of semen in the drawing, was an equal sensory response from the naked couple

in the color film as the camera continued to pan across their faces and straining bodies.

Following the ejaculation, the line drawing illustrated the softening of the penis within the vagina and the final withdrawal. The actual color sequence revealed the young man turning upon his side, and then a close-up of the spent semen escaping from the girl's gaping vagina into a towel beneath her hips.

As the lights came on, one of the group slapped the prospective bridegroom on the shoulder. "Marv, old pal, if you find you're not capable of what's expected of you, just remember that if you don't at first succeed, have lunch in the Y!"

The group roared at the expected wit as I looked around for the disturbed waiter. I wasn't surprised to find that he had evidently slipped quickly from the room the moment the film had stopped. Long after the party had ended, I was still concerned about his state of mind and I wondered what I could do to help him.

With Marv's wedding the following day, plus the reception and dance, thoughts of the troubled waiter slipped from my immediate attention. The next week was also filled to the brim with another case that I had been following and I found that I had done nothing about him at all. I needn't have worried; fate had somehow contrived to bring him to my attention once again.

Three weeks after the party, and after Marv's wedding, I picked up my morning paper and saw the face of the troubled waiter staring at me from page four. The covering article explained that Robert E. Lee was being held in protective custody during an investigation of a series of rapes that had taken place in a nearby rural area. The article was short and terse and revealed nothing of the circumstances surrounding the detention of the man.

It was later in the day when I obtained the detailed information that interested me so much. A newspaper contact, a personal friend of mine, provided me with the balance of the story and I sat down to digest the facts of the matter.

A total of seven forcible rapes had taken place in a sparsely settled rural area of the county within a span of sixty days. Each of the seven victims had given an almost identical description of the rapist and a search had taken place for a male suspect described as being between the ages of twenty-five and thirty years, five feet eleven inches in height, and weighing approximately two hundred pounds. In addition, the rapist was said to wear horn-rimmed glasses.

While bird-watching in the area, Robert E. Lee had been approached and detained by sheriff's police who had noted that he fitted the general description of the wanted man. Lee, on that occasion, professed to be an avid lover of wild-life and an officer in a local animal conservation society, spending all of his spare time with the activities of the group.

The detained man expressed no fear or concern upon being taken to the sheriff's office. He told the officers that he knew nothing of the crimes except the small news item he had noticed in the papers. He also expressed no opposition to joining a "line-up" where suspects are viewed by the victims.

Three of the seven women were reasonably certain that Robert E. Lee was the rapist. Three were absolutely certain that he was not the man who had attacked them, and one said she couldn't identify her attacker under any circumstances. He had knocked her out.

The police were faced with a dilemma. Being semi-professional political appointees and endowed

with the spirit which seems to surround non-metropolitan police establishments, they reserved their judgment and appealed to the county's legal officer, the state's attorney, for instruction and guidance. They were interested only in the real attacker and not just someone to relieve the pressure of the public outcry.

The state's attorney, himself dedicated to the protection of the innocent as well as the prosecution of the guilty, asked Lee if he would object to remaining in protective custody until a complete investigation could be made. The suspect told him he had no objections at all because he preferred no shadows hanging over his head.

That's the way the matter stood as I sat looking at the picture of the man I had studied that night at Poopsie's Lounge. The longer I thought of the situation, the more I became convinced that Lee was not the rapist. From my personal observation of him, he just wouldn't be psychologically equipped to attack a woman nor would he harbor the desire.

My next reaction was a question to myself. What could I do to confirm my belief? It's one thing for a graduate student in human behavior to come up with a conclusion but it's an entirely different matter to approach the establishment with it, especially authorities investigating a criminal matter.

After kicking the problem around in my mind, I called the county jail chaplain, Reverend Dwight C., and asked to see him at his home that evening. I had known Dwight slightly during my pre-graduate days and he remembered me at once.

"I can see your concern for this man, Bob, but these things are sticky to become involved in. If he's innocent they'll release him," the minister said, his voice holding a slight warning.

"I don't have the faith in our court system that you seem to have, Dwight. At least I'd like to confirm my own observations by having a talk with Lee. Is there anyway I can get in to see him?" I persisted, hoping that he could help me in my endeavor.

"I think I can do that. He's allowed to see people. He hasn't been charged with anything yet," Dwight said, lifting the telephone to call the sheriff's office.

I secured permission to visit Robert E. Lee the following day at two o'clock in the afternoon. After the necessary formalities, I was led behind iron bars and steel doors to a reception room where I found Robert E. Lee awaiting me with a puzzled frown on his face.

I smiled at him and I saw his face light up suddenly as he remembered our first and only meeting at Poopsie's Lounge.

"I see you remember me," I laughed, shaking hands with him.

"Well, I didn't know your name but I remember you now from the bachelor party given Mr. Henkle," he replied, smiling and nodding in return.

"Look Mr. Lee," I began, "I saw the story and the picture of you in the paper. From what I saw of you that night, the facts just don't jibe with my training in human behavior. I don't believe you have either the desire or the capability to molest a woman. Am I right?"

His face clouded over and he got up to look out of the barred window. For a second doubt assailed me.

"Of course you're right, Mr. Dylan. That's the reason I'm not really concerned about all of this. It's irritating and I'll feel strange around my friends and customers when it's over but that's part of being a member of society I suppose," he

murmured, his voice sad and dejected.

"Juries have been known to make mistakes, Mr. Lee. So do prosecutors. I think that if you have proof that you aren't the rapist, you should let them know at once."

"What makes you think that I can prove my innocence?" he asked, turning back from the window with a surprised tone in his voice.

"I don't know. I think that you are psychologically, and perhaps physically, separated from the average human being," I replied boldly, hoping my statement wouldn't antagonize him.

"Thanks for not using the word 'abnormal,'" he replied gently, running his fingers through his hair and looking tired suddenly.

"Are you a practicing homosexual, Mr. Lee?" I persisted, unsure of my ground in the discussion.

He laughed outright this time. The laugh started with a chuckle and grew into a roar which lasted for several moments, and which made me feel an absolute novice at interrogation.

"No, Mr. Dylan, I'm not a homosexual. Mind you, I don't object to queers. I know a lot of them and they're all fine people, but I've never indulged. I like everyone; boys and girls, men and women. My sex life isn't deviant; my sex life simply doesn't exist! I don't suck and I don't screw, and I definitely have no inclination to molest or force my will on anybody!"

I was taken aback by the bitterness in his voice, not by the words he chose to reveal his innocence. After his outburst, however, I knew without a shadow of a doubt that he was telling the truth.

"Would you care to tell me why your sex life is non-existent?" I asked, after his breathing had subsided and he had accepted a cigarette.

"No, Mr. Dylan, I wouldn't. I've lived with my situation for almost thirty years and I can see no

reason for opening old graves," he replied. "That's not to say I don't appreciate your interest and help. I'm damned glad you took the time to visit me."

"I don't know what I can do, but I'll try to help anyway I can if it starts to look as if you might be charged," I volunteered, rising to my feet as I saw the jail guard approaching. "Is there anything you need? Cigarettes, magazines or anything?" I added.

"No, I'm fine. You might suggest a good lawyer if and when it becomes necessary."

I nodded agreement and shook hands with Lee, adding a big grin of encouragement as I left the place. He smiled in return and gave me an almost effeminate wave which deepened the puzzle in my mind. I thought I knew the answer to my questions but only time would tell.

That the matter would be left up to a county grand jury I had no doubt. It was really the only option available to the state's attorney. I was certain that Robert E. Lee would be indicted and tried by a jury of his peers.

With that certainty in mind, I contacted the dean of our law school and told him of my thoughts about the suspect. I asked him if he would use his influence and obtain a complete medical examination for Lee before available evidence could be presented to the jury. To my delight he agreed.

The state's attorney had no objection to our request. He too was interested in apprehending the real rapist and had no personal power axe to grind. His only stipulation was that a physician chosen by his office also be present during the examination.

The day before the scheduled event was to take place a second arrest was made. The new suspect was a state employee of the Bureau of Parks and Forests and also fitted the general description of

the rapist. For the purposes of our journal I shall call him James Pelham and he bore a striking resemblance to Robert E. Lee.

Pelham was placed in a line-up at the sheriff's office and was identified as the rapist by three of the victims. These women were the three who could not positively identify Lee as their assailant. The authorities now had a very knotty problem on their hands unless two rapists were at work in the area. My close friend and associate, the dean of the law school, suggested that both of the accused men be required to undergo physical examinations and the state's attorney agreed.

As it turned out there were three physicians in the examining room at the county hospital. The first was Doctor R., an expert in internal medicine and anatomy; Doctor B., from the university school of medicine, and Doctor Abe, a local physician and close friend of my colleague and fiancée, Janet Kling.

To my surprise, I was invited to witness the proceedings. Somehow the state's attorney's office had become aware of my efforts on the part of Robert E. Lee and seemed to appreciate my efforts. Public offices weren't as impersonal as I had thought.

Pelham was examined first at the insistence of his attorney. The accused man was affable and self-assured as he stripped and placed himself at the disposal of the assembly. He seemed to enjoy being the center of attention.

The suspected rapist was in the prime of health. His muscular body was tanned and one could tell that his routine included regular and vigorous exercise, either on the job or as recreation. His sex organs were normal and well developed, and he had only a single scratch on one shoulder which he attributed to a tree limb. The only thing which

made him suspect in my mind was the fact that his tan was unbroken from head to toe. This man undoubtedly had been sunbathing somewhere without shorts or swimming trunks. All three of the physicians noticed this fact also and recorded it in the report.

"You evidently have enjoyed an extensive sex life, Mr. Pelham," Doctor Abe observed in a jocular manner, indicating the man's well developed sexual apparatus.

"I've got a couple of gals I bang a few times a week," Pelham boasted, openly fingering his penis as he stood grinning.

"Well, that's normal for a young man. Were you ever married?" Doctor Abe murmured, lighting a long, green cigar.

"Once. She was a btch! All women are bitches once they get the ring on their finger," the suspect said sneering. "Fuck 'em and leave 'em is my motto."

After Pelham was once again taken to the county jail, Robert E. Lee was brought into the room.

"I would rather have skipped this session," he told me sadly as he disrobed.

"No, I think that you've delayed understanding yourself much too long already. And besides, juries are funny things. It's better if you work with these doctors, Bob," I replied, looking toward Doctor Abe for help in dealing with him.

"Mr. Dylan is right, Mr. Lee. He's told us that he thinks you have an unusual problem which might be solved, and at the same time clear you of criminal suspicion."

Stripped, Robert E. Lee was indeed unusual for an adult male. His breasts were developed to the point where they appeared to be as feminine as those of an adolescent girl of thirteen or fourteen

years of age. His chest was without hair and his waist was small, merging into flaring, feminine hips and buttocks.

His pubic hair was thick and masculine appearing, framing a penis which was short and thick. He was uncircumcised and the foreskin appeared to be tight and immobile, barely revealing a tiny portion of glans penis or head. To my surprise, he appeared to have a single testicle which was small and atrophied.

"Mr. Lee, have you ever experienced abdominal discomfort on a regular basis?" Doctor R. asked, his voice gentle and understanding.

"Yes, ever since I was twelve or thirteen, especially on the right side but sometimes on the left," Lee answered, his face a picture of abject misery as he watched the doctor's fingers dig into his lower abdomen.

Dr. Abe frowned and jotted something in a notebook. "Have you ever managed an erection?" he asked, watching his colleague.

"Occasionally when my bladder is full my penis seems to stiffen. After urinating, the sensation disappears. I never allow myself to remain in a situation which stimulates erotic feelings. I've learned throughout the years that although I become interested, I am incapable of performing anything resembling a sex act," Lee answered.

"You should have placed yourself in the hands of a doctor who could have helped. Perhaps it can be done even yet," Doctor Abe said, his voice gentle and yet filled with disgust at the ignorance of the man.

Lee's face paled at the words and he became angry. "Everyone has suggestions but nobody knows the circumstances of my earlier years. My father purposely kept me away from doctors, thinking that I was a freak of nature. The one

doctor I did see on my own looked at me as if I had the plague and told me there was nothing which could be done. If you know how tormented I am day and night you'd understand my feelings. When I see normal people making love don't you think I feel rotten?"

All three physicians looked exceedingly uncomfortable at Lee's outburst, just as I did.

"You are a hermaphrodite and probably have primary sex organs of both sexes, but we can determine your true sex and correct nature's mistake by surgery and medication. As well as that underdeveloped testicle, you undoubtedly have an ovary or two. Because of your age time is against us but we'll be able to help a great deal. If your true sex is male — and I think it is — we'll remove the ovary or ovaries and give you male hormones. Perhaps you can enjoy an almost normal sex life then," Dr. B. said soothingly, patting the tormented man on the shoulder.

"Well, at least we know that you're no rapist and a solid citizen," Doctor Abe said brightly, all traces of disdain erased from his manner as he shoved a long, green cigar into Lee's mouth. "Here, puff on that, it'll help make a man out of you."

"Hey, you might even get to enjoy a good fuck movie like the other night," I whispered into Lee's ear.

"Tell me I'll act in one and I'll buy it," he whispered back, grinning from ear to ear as he got up from the table.

Upon examination in New York, Robert E. Lee was found to be a male when his chromosomes were isolated and identified. He was also found to have two female ovaries which were removed. A medical program was instituted which aided his body in the manufacture and utilization of male hormones, and he is now experiencing increasingly

numerous erections. Through controlled masturbation, he is now able to obtain orgasm and seminal ejaculation but it appears that he will be sterile. His breasts had diminished and upper torso hair is starting to appear. The trunk of his body is thickening and little remains of his previous feminine characteristics. He tells me that he would like to meet the girl who played the leading feminine role in the medical education film which the group referred to as a "stag" movie but I can't help him there. Those films are made in Denmark; they're illegal here in the United States.

The second accused man, James Pelham, was indicted by the grand jury and brought to trial. When the sheriff's police kept after him about the even and unbroken tan over his entire body, he finally admitted that he spent a portion of his time in the secluded wooded area in the nude. These excursions so aroused him that after dusk he would seek out and attack any unescorted female in the area, mostly housewives whose husbands were absent.

Robert E. Lee still serves food at Poopsie's Lounge on River Road. When he sees a bachelor party with films of perfectly normal sex acts, he no longer turns away. He's getting to be just one of the gang.

CHAPTER TWO

Janet Kling's *CASE OF THE WELL HUNG GIRL*

As a graduate student, I was told of the case of the missing girl by a family physician whom I shall call Doctor Abe. This old and respected friend had brought me into the world and our relationship had remained close throughout the years. Doctor Abe knew of my research activities in the behavioral sciences; the two of us had often discussed some of his patients with unusual problems and he knew that Jenny Lynd would interest me.

"In your journal you won't refer to the girl by her real name of course. We'll just call her Jenny Lynd and I'll relate the circumstances that I think have a great deal to do with her disappearance," he said, his wise old eyes twinkling merrily.

"Of course, Doctor Abe, I understand. Now quit teasing me and give me the details," I replied, a little peevishly, knowing full well how he felt about maintaining his patient's confidence.

He kept me in suspense as he cleared his throat and lit one of his horrible cigars.

"I called her a girl but on second thought I'm not sure that she is," he began, startling me with his very first sentence.

"Do you mean you've never had the opportunity to examine her?" I asked, my surprise reflecting itself in my voice.

"That's right, Janet. I've treated her for two chest colds but never opened her blouse. I've listened to her heart and lungs when she

complained of a nervous condition, but again never managed to bare her chest. She simply wouldn't hear of it, claiming that physical exposure would violate her religious principles!"

"Go on," I urged, starting to make notes as he talked. I sensed something unusual here and I wanted the whole story.

"Jenny disappeared from her home three months ago. Her parents filed the usual missing persons report and even hired a private detective to try to locate her. In spite of all this, there's been no word of her whereabouts since. The funny part of the whole thing is that Jenny loves her parents and they love her. There's absolutely no reason for her to terminate the relationship," he murmured, quite evidently disturbed by his thoughts.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"She's eighteen now but she seems more mature. She's also a loner so don't count on a secret romance or illicit relationship with a married man. She just simply isn't the type," he cautioned, puffing his cigar slowly and methodically.

"Perhaps she's experienced foul play or loss of memory," I suggested.

"It's possible of course, but I think there has always been something here that's been kept secret from everyone. To me, Jenny has been a question since the first time I talked to her. The reason I said that I couldn't be sure if she is indeed a female is because she had certain male characteristics."

"Maybe she's a lesbian and can't live with it around her parents," I exclaimed, scribbling furiously.

"I don't think that's it, Janet. In the first place, she dresses beautifully. She's completely feminine in every respect. The lesbian dyke usually advertises her male tendency through hair style, clothing and lack of cosmetics. Jenny doesn't.

What I meant is that she has a slight excess of hair on the upper lip which is quite noticeable but not objectionable. Also, her muscular fibre is masculine. Beyond a slight huskiness in her voice, that's all I have to go on. Somehow I think that her physical makeup is at the root of her emotional troubles and I'd like to find and help her," Doctor Abe said, shifting uneasily in his chair.

"Would her parents welcome a little investigation on my part?" I asked eagerly, somehow finding myself involved in the mystery.

"I'm sure they would. Also, I don't think there's any danger to you if you go snooping," he laughed, happy to see that he had raised my curiosity and interest in Jenny Lynd.

The following day I called on Jenny's parents, Helen and Robert Lynd. After I had mentioned Doctor Abe, they welcomed whatever I could contribute to the search.

I obtained a photo of the girl and found that I agreed with the thought that she was no masculine part of lesbian team; she was just too feminine. Although such an observation is completely unscientific and would draw frowns from professionals, I still bet that Doctor Abe and I were right. I wanted to prove it in the worst way.

Compiling the names of Jenny's closest friends was no problem. There were just two: a girl we shall call Paula, and a boy we shall refer to as Frank. I talked at length with both of them.

"Jenny is sort of quiet; she likes the movies and she likes to dance," Paula told me in her living room as she sat sewing. "The only thing funny is that she won't talk girl things; you know, sex-body-boy things."

"Does she like boys?" I asked, liking Paula instantly.

"Oh, sure. You know, she likes to be around them and be noticed. She's had a couple of dates but the boys only ask her once and that's funny. She is a lot of fun in some ways. I can't figure it out and it didn't seem to bother her too much. She just seemed to sort of accept the fact that each boy was a one time deal."

"Do you think she ever had a sexual experience with any of the boys?" I asked boldly, hoping I wouldn't offend her.

"Go all the way you mean? No, I'll bet she's still got her cherry. She never misses church on Sunday, you know, and her parents brought her up pretty carefully. I'll bet there's never been a male hand above her stocking top," Paula giggled, flushing a little.

"Why do you say 'male' hand? Do you think she has lesbian tendencies?" I asked, leaping at what could be an assumption.

"It's funny. I'm her closest friend and I've noticed that sometimes she seems a little masculine. She's never given me the slightest indication that she'd like to play around with me, though. If she wouldn't with me, who would she make advances to?"

"That's a good question," I nodded, trying to unravel Paula's statement in my mind. In spite of herself she had gotten her own doubts about Jenny across to me.

"One other question, Paula," I said, hesitating a little in an effort to phrase it differently. "Did you ever see her unclothed? Naked I mean?"

"No, and that's another thing that I've wondered about. Jenny would never undress around anyone, even at school in the gym locker room; you know, show her breasts or Mount of Venus. She'd always manage to be off by herself somehow!" Paula giggled, nodding excitedly and

evidently enjoying the erotic conversation.

The character of Jenny Lynd was slowly taking shape in my notes and she was proving to be a paradox indeed. There was one clue that might help in determining her whereabouts which Paula had given me just before we parted.

"Jenny loved to donate her spare time to volunteer work at City Hospital. She was tremendously interested in surgery!"

The missing girl's friend Frank turned out to be a regular Don Juan. I met him in a coffee shop and as our conversation progressed, he was very active in trying to get his hand up my mini-skirt.

"Come on, Frank, cool it! This is serious? I've promised to help locate Jenny Lynd. Where did you two go when you dated her that one time?" I asked, sighing in exasperation.

"Boy, you are the do-gooder! Well, we went to a drive-in movie, later had a couple of beers, and then went home. That's it baby," he grinned, fingering my armpit.

"Did you attempt to make love to her at the drive-in?" I asked, realizing that it was a stupid question. This likeable young idiot kept his mental efforts constantly on the head of his penis, of that I was sure.

"Sure. I kissed her and she seemed to like it, but when I tried to feel her up she balked. Oh, she didn't get all mad and upset; she just wouldn't let me get a handful of anything. The price of the drive-in tickets was completely wasted. Do you know I actually had to watch that movie?" he moaned, shaking his head sadly at the memory.

"I'm sure you survived it," I laughed, pushing his hand away under the table for the tenth time at least.

"Yeah, but I had bad dreams for a month from

seeing it. She insisted that we go see the thing. It was a film about some nut performing plastic surgery on criminals to alter their identity. He even changed a guy to a woman," Frank said, shuddering.

I felt excitement flow through me as I jotted down his revelation. Here again was Jenny's interest and preoccupation with surgery. I felt suddenly that I was on the right track toward uncovering something which Doctor Abe vaguely suspected. Something which made Jenny Lynd different from the rest of us.

I managed to free myself from Frank's company without offending him. He was a nice boy really; he was just at the age where his vital juices were overwhelmingly demanding and he didn't quite know how to control them. He did make me promise to date him but it was a promise I didn't intend to keep. I had to worry about my own emotional control.

After leaving Frank, I called Jenny's mother and asked if the missing girl had had sufficient funds when she disappeared. Mrs. Lynd told me that the bank had notified the police that Jenny had withdrawn her whole savings, a little over one thousand dollars, the day before the missing report was filed. This was almost a sure indication that Jenny had made and executed a definite plan of action for herself.

That evening I gave Doctor Abe a run-down on my search and told him my suspicions. To my delight he concurred in my thinking and I went home and packed a bag. With luck, I was going to find and bring home a very down-hearted individual.

I've never liked big cities and my first day in New York was miserable. Even though I was barely sixty miles from the familiar surroundings of home

and campus, I felt as if I were on the moon. Gritting my teeth, I began my search.

My graduate student credentials plus a letter from Doctor Abe opened personnel files for me like magic. Even narrowing the list of hospitals down to those that interested me didn't prove to be overly difficult. The final clincher was the photograph of Jenny which her parents had allowed me to have copied.

Jenny was quietly reading in the employee's dormitory wing of the hospital as I stood at the door. She had her hair cut short and combed back from the left side. Her white hospital shirt and pants still reeked from the smell of ether and other chemicals, and she looked tired and defeated. She also looked like the young man she had decided to become.

"Yes?" she asked, looking up at me disinterestedly.

"Jenny, you can't change the problem by changing clothes," I said gently, walking across the small room toward her.

She paled visibly, obviously shaken by my unexpected appearance. "Who are you?" she asked, sighing deeply and shaking her head.

"A friend of Doctor Abe's and a friend of yours. That is, if you'll let me be!" I exclaimed, putting my hand on her shoulder.

A puzzled frown crossed her face. Evidently the old doctor's name escaped her for the moment. When she did remember she smiled a little. "I always thought he was nosy even if he was awfully nice. He knows my parents very well, you know."

I lit two cigarettes and handed her one.

"He also likes and worries about you. He suspected something of a problem about which you never felt free to reveal to him. Between the

two of us I think we've figured it out."

"You know?" she asked, truly startled now.

"We think so. Doctor Abe wants you to come back with me and he'll examine you to see what can be done. He knows most of the top men in the field so why don't you trust him?" I asked.

"I've never been examined by a doctor . . . there I mean . . . since I was an infant. Mother knows but she's always avoided referring to me sexually. She's like an ostrich; she sticks her head in the sand and thinks it will go away and I'll be normal," Jenny muttered bitterly.

"I suspected that after I'd talked to her. She's pretty straightlaced. Just say nothing to her and come see Doctor Abe," I urged gently, hoping that I could persuade her.

It took two days to convince her that there were people back home who could and would help her. Her mother's attitude throughout the years had falsely convinced her that her problem was one to be buried and lived with in some unwholesome manner. Somehow I managed to get through to her and she agreed to see Doctor Abe once more.

He was tickled pink to see both of us. His face was creased in a big smile of welcome, and he even hugged Jenny in a manner that brought tears to her eyes.

"I thought the female mind trained in the right way could make amateurs of the police force," he laughed, patting my shoulder and kissing my cheek in his bubbling delight.

"Don't let him kid you, Jenny. It was he who suggested the method of finding you," I laughed as we walked into his private study.

"It will probably be useless anyway but I really appreciate your interest," the girl said, obviously pleased at the interest we had displayed in her welfare.

"Now. Sit down both of you, and we'll delve into this earth-shaking problem," Doctor Abe teased, arranging chairs in front of his desk.

"The best way to solve a problem is to meet it head on, so let's call a spade a spade," he began, lighting a cigar. "Jenny, you are undoubtedly blessed — or cursed — with two sexual identities. Are you a hermaphrodite?"

"I think . . . I think that you should determine what — and who — I am through a physical examination, Doctor Abe. I'd give anything to know myself," the girl said, biting her lip and shaking her head in abject misery.

"All right, we'll do that. Your mother should have disclosed your problems to me a long, long time ago. We won't however commit another error and hold it against her. She's only human," he grunted, distress showing in his voice.

"I'd like Janet to be present. It will help her in her career," Jenny said, squeezing my hand tightly.

"I think we've found ourselves a very fine person," Doctor Abe said gently, studying her face closely. "I also have no doubt that you are completely feminine in spite of nature's tricks," he added, his face brightening as he stood.

Jenny undressed, alone as usual. Doctor Abe had given her a white surgical gown to wear during the examination but she still expressed reluctance as she entered the examination room. I winked at her and it seemed to restore some of her confidence as she got on the table.

"Now, my dear, it's part of your lot in life to have a complete physical occasionally. Everybody does it so relax," Doctor Abe teased, poking her in the tummy playfully before sliding the gown from her shoulders. "My goodness! You certainly can't be ashamed of these," he added, revealing her small but perfectly formed breasts.

Jenny shot a flushed, startled smile at me and I laughed heartily. "Don't worry. He's at the age where he's all bark and no bite," I exclaimed in a mock whisper.

Doctor Abe then carefully and professionally squeezed and moulded every inch of her firm breasts, looking for any sign of abnormality. "This kid is as healthy as a pig," he snorted grumpily, his eyes twinkling as he pulled the robe back up over her shoulders.

"Now I'm going to pull up your gown and get familiar with you so don't slap my face," he said next, chuckling.

Jenny turned her eyes away and tensed as he bared her lower torso to the navel. She now looked as if she was experiencing utter torment.

I felt an instant sense of outraged shock as I saw her genitals for the first time. Just below her pelvic area was a small, child-like penis. It was soft, or flaccid, and complete in every respect, including the loose fold of foreskin which had never been cut away. There were no testicles; just below the hideous appendage I thought I saw the lips of a vagina.

Doctor Abe whistled under his breath; not a startled whistle but a thin, monotonous tune of by-gone days. He expressed no surprise and didn't bat an eyelash, being almost casual in his examination.

"Well, a superfluous penis we have," he murmured, lifting the meaty offender in his fingers and studying it closely. "Did this thing ever become rigid, Jenny?"

"No. Never in my life to my knowledge, Doctor," she replied, her face crimson with shame.

"Ah! No testicles but a quite normal vagina," Doctor Abe exclaimed brightly, spreading the thick, pouting lips and examining the inner canal.

“That’s a maidenhead if I ever saw one. Your future husband will be overjoyed,” he added, laughing heartily.

Jenny half-smiled but the hurt look returned to her eyes. “What makes you think that I could ever be married? If a boy saw that I was both male and female, he’d never survive the wedding night!”

Doctor Abe chuckled again and squeezed her breast. “Look, young lady, once we know for sure that you are completely female — and I’m sure you are — there are things that can be done to erase nature’s well intentioned but unfortunate mistakes. If I’m right in my thinking, you have at least one functioning ovary and probably two. Your vagina is small but normal and your uterus is intact if I can trust my fingers. I suspect that you have an atrophied testicle, a bit of testicle tissue, which can be removed along with the useless penis. Psychologically, you are a female; just by luck your mother raised you in your proper sex, so we won’t have that battle to overcome. After the surgery, you’ll probably be put on a controlled medication which will help to increase your feminine characteristics and eliminate any male tendencies. With luck, you’re going to be a very sexy creature with all of the boys wanting to steal that maidenhead. Does that tickle your fancy?”

“It sounds perfectly natural and loads of fun,” Jenny said, surprising me with her bold statement.

“Of course! Why shouldn’t you fulfill your destiny as a normal woman and have fun in bed? Everybody else does it sooner or later. After the surgery, I’d keep everything in the past and neglect to mention it to boyfriends or future husbands. Wait until your silver wedding anniversary,” Doctor Abe laughed, poking each side of her belly with his educated finger.

Within two months, Jenny Lynd had undergone

corrective surgery. The penis was removed, along with a warped male testicle which had remained undescended on her left side. Although she lacks one ovary, the other is quite capable of assuring her a healthy, normal family life and the fulfillment of her destiny as a mother.

Psychologically, she has learned to think of herself as a normal person who has had to overcome a great many trials and tribulations. Her feelings of fear and frustration have disappeared, along with the excess of hair on her upper lip.

To the surprise of Doctor Abe and myself, Jenny became engaged to one of the boys who had previously given her up as too strait-laced and moral. They are of the same religion and it promises to be a good marriage, especially since Jenny confessed to me in private that he had already taken her maidenhead.

"Oh, Janet," she giggled to me one evening at my apartment, "When he stuck that big thing in me I wished for a moment that I was my old warped self again, but after he stuck his tongue in my mouth and went off in my pussy, I can't get enough of him!"

Such is normal, healthy sex. Doctor Abe is very contented with the outcome and suggests in his subtle way that she fuck up a storm.

"It's the greatest of the great things in life. Why do otherwise?" he wisely asks, puffing contentedly on his awful cigar.

He promises to call me the next time an interesting case comes his way. I'll be there; there's no classroom as well equipped as a family physician's office and files, and I'll be here to answer his beck and call.

CHAPTER THREE

Bob Dylan: *CASE OF THE ORGY AT CRIPPLE CREEK*

I sat in the paneled living room of the cabin listening to the sounds of the desert night. For a city dweller, it was an eerie and lonesome feeling, and a time to reflect. It was also intensely enjoyable to get away from it all.

I had been surprised and delighted to get the letter from Ted Herkimer here at Cripple Creek. He and I had been friends for a long time, even before he had been ordained into the ministry, and I had been wondering how he was adapting to the world of the clergy.

I took out the letter he had sent to me in New York and read it once again. "Dear Bob," it began, "If I remember correctly, you like to fish. Why don't you break away and come down for at least a week or two? I'll not only guarantee you excellent catches of trout, but an opportunity to study a particular situation in keeping with your graduate work. When you arrive, go directly to my cabin in the hills just back of Cripple Creek. The directions are enclosed with a map and a description of the place. Don't contact me or act as if we are acquainted. Just read the notes I have compiled (and which are also enclosed) about a particular situation that exists here. I'm sure you will be intrigued. Use your own judgment and see if you can find a solution to the problem. Keep in mind that the people of Cripple Creek are clannish and suspicious of outsiders; you can't imagine how difficult it has been for me to gain acceptance of

their confidence. That's the reason it's best to pretend ignorance of each other while you study the situation. In a community this size privacy is impossible, at least for me the pastor of the only church. Best Regards, Ted."

The letter had intrigued me, just as Ted knew it would. He wasn't the type of man to admit meeting a situation which couldn't be resolved by sheer faith and there was something here in Cripple Creek with which he couldn't — or wouldn't — cope. Besides, I had earned my two weeks of rest and I wanted desperately to feel a trout on the end of a line again.

It had been almost a week before I had been able to break away from New York. I had flown to Denver and rented a car for the balance of the trip. There wasn't an airport within two hundred miles of Cripple Creek but I didn't mind a bit. The mountains were amazing in their rugged beauty and were meant to be enjoyed at close range.

Arriving at the cabin, I found it completely stocked with everything that I would need for my stay. Ted Herkimer had received my wire advising him of my arrival and he had made sure that my comfort was assured. To my surprise, the cabin was wired for electricity and I laughed when I discovered forty-eight cans of beer in the refrigerator.

Putting the letter aside, I settled down to study the notes that he had compiled. Until my arrival at the cabin I had had time for no more than a cursory examination of the file. My eye again fell upon a soiled and creased sheet of paper bearing the following:

"Jeen and Jawn went up the loft
And Jawn tore off her clothes,
Jeen laid back in the musty hay
And Jawn spread out her rose.

"Jawn licked her here and he licked her there,
His tongue soon found her slot,
Jeen spread her thighs and let some sighs
And wiggled around a lot.

"Jawn opened his shirt and took it off
His tongue missed nary a lick,
Jawn opened his belt and dropped his pants
And there stood his purty prick.

"Jawn held her down and skinned it back,
While spreading her legs out good,
Then he climbed aboard and stuck it in
And got himself some pud.

"They fucked and fucked, all-bare-assed-bare,
Right there in Papa's loft,
Jeen squealed and bucked and tore her hair
Until they both went off.

"Teacher, teacher, please tell me true,
As I write of Jawn and Jeen,
Will I get a passing grade this term,
Or wait till the hills are green?

"This tale is true as you well know,
'Twas you who taught us how,
To use the gifts with which we're blessed
And get our screwin' now."

As I read the childish scrawl again, my eye insisted on returning to the final two paragraphs of the erotic poem. If the thing was to be taken literally, either an adult or one of the older children was urging younger members of the community to experiment with sexual activity. If that was the case, a motive was to be found somewhere.

"Within the past year, there have been seven cases of mid-teen pregnancy in Cripple Creek," Ted

Herkimer had written in his notes. "This is amazing when one takes into account the total population of the area — two hundred and four to be exact — and also amazing when compared to no pregnancies in this age group during the previous eleven years."

The paper on which the poem was written was soiled and creased in a manner which indicated that it had been read and re-read a great many times by either one or several people. The same thing applied to other examples of erotica in Ted's file.

"Billy Joe and Linda too
Along with Mike and Dot,
Went to the hills with he and she,
And learned to fuck a lot.

"He who was she and she who was he,
Showed them how to come.
He who was she and she who was he
Showed them how it's done.

"A peter here and a pussy there,
We sure had a grand old time,
He who was she and she who was he
Taught us how to rhyme.

"The school of life is much more fun
When all of the asses are bare,
Why waste that time in growing up
When playthings are covered with hair?

"He who was she and she who was he,
A teacher indeed we've found,
School's out till fall, that we know,
But fucking is all around."

The paper with the above limerick boasted a

huge "A" in red crayon, much like a teacher would grade a class work assignment. Attached to the erotic verse was a note in Ted Herkimer's unmistakeable handwriting which said:

"One would naturally think of the local school teacher, Miss C., when investigating possibilities. However, although I haven't ruled out anyone, I think it very unlikely that she could be involved. You can usually find her working around her home any afternoon during this summer recess."

Using legal size paper, I began making notes of the things that impressed me about the situation in Cripple Creek. I headed the analysis "The Orgy at Cripple Creek," because that's what seemed to be at hand. As I listed the available facts, I hoped that something would give me a definite direction in which to proceed.

The longest of Ted's observations centered around a rather large and complicated family relationship to be found in Cripple Creek and the surrounding county. We shall call them the Martin family for the purposes of my journal. Four of the seven pregnant girls were of this group and all four were slightly retarded.

"The four girls are Linda, Dorothy, Jean and Ruth. Because of the clannish customs of the Martin family, the ages of the girls are uncertain. Their respective mothers were assisted by midwives back in those not-too-distant days and no births were registered. Let it suffice to say that they are all attractive but mentally retarded. Each functions very well in this almost primitive society and the mental posture isn't noticeable to the rest of the community," Ted had written, attaching his observations to yet another erotic poem or limerick.

"Up the hill went Ruth and Ray,

Much like Jack and Jill,
No pail of water there was fetched
And none there ever will.

“He who was she and she who was he
Took them well in tow,
Ruth and Ray took off their duds
And Ruth was taught to blow.

“Jill blew Jack but not in verse
But that was a different time,
He who was she and she who was he
Taught all the sixty-nine.

“Teacher, teacher, will we pass
And get a big red “A”,
You’ve watched our pricks and pussies too
And taught us night and day.”

Since none of the limericks or poems mentioned sexual participation by the “teacher” of the group, I suspected that a voyeur was at work. Some older child or an adult was evidently isolating youngsters and initiating them into the world of sex, probably to reach his or her own orgasm while observing the copulation of the boys and girls. How would a stranger go about finding this person, I asked myself, wondering how to observe the community at large.

I was up with the sun, dressing myself in clean but worn work pants and blue shirt. I had purposely omitted shaving to give my face a heavy shadow of beard so as to mingle with the community without attracting the attention afforded a city dweller. Satisfied with my appearance, I drove into Cripple Creek.

Western hats and boots dominated the scene, along with two ponies tied to concrete hitching

rails. The only thing missing was gunbelts and six-shooters. I had to remind myself that this was 1969 in spite of paved streets and a new automobile here and there.

I parked and sat studying the main street. It was approximately two blocks long and every building was a single story high. Even though it wasn't apparent, I felt that every eye in town was upon my vehicle and me. I felt like a bug under a microscope but it was probably my imagination. I looked for a sign signifying a restaurant and went for coffee. The name of the place turned out to be "Martin's Donut Shop and Grill."

To my surprise the coffee was excellent and the waitress pretty. She was also about five months pregnant and I wondered if her name was Linda, Dorothy, Jean or Ruth. After observing her with an occasional glance, I decided to go with Ted's advice and ignore her probable age. She wouldn't make school this fall anyway.

"Any trout fishin' around here, partner?" I asked a grizzled old character sitting next to me.

"Yep. Yuh might go up by the dam where the water's good. Got some there myself, just last week," he said affably, pouring his coffee in his saucer and blowing on it as he answered me.

"Above or below the dam?" I ventured, duplicating his feat and burning my finger in the process.

"Either one I guess. Easier to get to hip-deep water down below, though. Where you from?"

"Up around Salt Lake. Been workin' construction and decided to come down here a spell. I rented a cabin by mail from some preacher, Herkiman I believe his name is. I ain't never seen him," I grunted.

"That's Herkimer," he corrected. "He's an easterner but a purty nice fella."

Professing disinterest, I dug for change to pay for my breakfast. "Wonder if it'll be a boy or a girl?" I chuckled, nodding at the girl wiping the counter down.

The old guy grinned knowingly. "She better git that boy John to marry her 'fore she worries about a name," he chuckled. "Sure are a lot of kids gettin' screwed around here lately."

"Regular epidemic, huh?" I asked casually.

"Yuh might say that. Don't know what's got into 'em. All the boys admit bein' at fault and weddin's are planned but that's the size of it. Just fuckin' younger than they used to I guess," he laughed, shaking his grizzled old head.

"She looks like she oughta be in school," I commented, picking my teeth with a matchstick.

"All of 'em here lately is about her age. One or two even younger than her."

"Well, as long as you've got a good school to take care of the new crop I guess it'll work out," I laughed, shaking my head sympathetically as I stood up.

The old man walked out to the street with me, eyeing my Buick closely.

"Hope yuh catch a few up at the dam," he said, his voice wistful.

"Why don't you come along with me? You got anything planned for today?" I asked suddenly, thinking of him as a goldmine of information.

He brightened at once. "Naw, sure ain't. Let's drive by my place and I'll git my gear," he replied eagerly, pointing down toward the end of the street.

I was right in my estimation. Before the day was over I had become familiar with most of the members of the community by way of the old boy's gossip. I also found out where most everybody lived. Another piece of information that

came my way was the location of an old ranch site that the kids used as a lovers lane.

I also caught a fine mess of trout.

It was to be a moonless night and I was sure I was unobserved as I parked a quarter of a mile from the old ranch site. The road was completely deserted and highly visible to me even though I was driving without lights. I pulled the rented Buick off the road and into the mesquite, making sure that it couldn't be seen. From there I went on foot, hoping that any rattlers in the vicinity would warn me of their presence.

I found that I could get quite close to the old buildings and still remained concealed by the brush. I was disappointed, however, because the area was completely deserted. As my watch registered the hour of midnight I walked back to the car in disgust.

The old man and I spent the next day fishing. I added very little to my store of knowledge but did catch another great mess of trout. Even if I had had little luck in determining the identity of the voyeur I was at least enjoying a well earned vacation. I still had eight days left.

The evening of my second day in town I managed to observe the school teacher, Miss C. At first glance I had to agree with Ted Herkimer in his assumption that she would never teach her students the art of sexual love. She appeared to be in her mid-forties, tall and slender, and wore her plain cotton dress well below the knees. She looked downright forbidding to me, especially with her hair done up in a bun. Her long, straight nose completed the picture and I grunted in disappointment. I shook my head and watched her almost masculine stride as she walked toward the library. I was quite sure that she wouldn't say shit if she had a mouth full of it.

Again I waited until after dark and retraced my journey to the old ranch site. Again it was deserted and I resigned myself to wait. Examining my options, I knew that I had no alternative other than what I was doing.

About eleven-thirty, I heard the sound of an automobile in the distance. To my surprise, it came from behind and above me and not from the direction of town. I stood and watched as it threaded its way among the mesquite and cactus, passing the old ranch site with its lights out. Because of the distance, I couldn't clearly make out the make of the automobile nor the occupants.

Curious, I walked up the hill. The tire marks of the vehicle were easily discernible and I had no difficulty in retracing its route. Within twenty minutes I had reached the top of a desert swell which afforded an excellent view of the area for miles around. There I found a dilapidated but recently occupied shack which still smelled of cigarette smoke.

Inside, the dirt floor was clean and uncluttered. Clean drapes across the windows met my eye as I directed my pocket flash over the place, and in one corner of the single room was a sheeted daybed. On a bench was a bucket of water, along with washcloths and soap.

Walking slowly back down the hill, I realized that the shack was almost immune to surprise visits. Anyone inside could see or hear an intruder for miles, unless that intruder happened to be on foot. I was almost sure that I had found the lair of the voyeur and all that remained was to confirm my suspicions.

The following day was Saturday and I spent the entire day in Cripple Creek. Ranch folks and a great many Papago Indians appeared from nowhere and by noon the town was packed. I also saw the

balance of the Martin family, along with all four of their pregnant teen-agers.

To my surprise, all concerned seemed to be happy and unconcerned. Evidently the old folks took the indiscretions of the youngsters in stride. My surprise faded as I listened to the dialogue between the family and others of the community; every member seemed to be burdened with very narrow interests and mental capability. The family situation was perfect for a bold voyeur.

Saturday night seemed to be the ideal night for the culprit to continue the exotic education of unwary youngsters. I was concealed in the brush a quarter of a mile from the hill-top cabin just after the sun had dropped below the western horizon. I needn't have hurried; as it turned out I had a three hour wait.

After dark I crept to within a stone's throw of the cabin. The stars illuminated the heavens and somewhere far off a coyote barked. As the moments ticked by I wondered if I was to be disappointed again.

About nine o'clock, I heard the slightly labored sound of an automobile engine coming up the hill. I sank down behind a clump of mesquite and watched the vehicle approach and park very close to the cabin door. Straining my eyes, I was sure I saw three people leave the car. Almost immediately a very thin line of light appeared at the window as the gas lantern was lit. I wondered if my prey was in his lair.

Feeling somewhat foolish, I began my cautious and stooped advance through the underbrush. After all, this could be a cowboy's retreat or a hunter's shack and I might get shot as an interloper. I worked my way as carefully as possible, avoiding anything on the ground which would break under my weight.

I stopped at the back of the cabin to catch my breath and to still my pounding heart. A few deep breaths and a self-lecture steadied my nerves and I moved silently to the side of the cabin and the window.

To my surprise and delight I found that I could see beneath the drape. Right in the line of my sight was the cot and on it sat a boy and a girl, fully clothed and each writing on a pad of paper. The boy was a hulking lad with a grin on his face, and the girl was giggling and blushing prettily in the white light of the gas lantern.

"Read me your poem, Joyce," a deep voice coaxed from somewhere out of the line of my vision.

The girl's giggles increased and she shot a glance at the lad beside her. She blushed even more and then held her paper to her eyes as if trying to hide her face.

"Tom and me came up the hill
There wasn't any moon,
We listened good and wrote a poem
We hope we'll get to spoon."

A deep laugh echoed within the cabin. "That's fair for your first try. What did you write, Tom?" the third occupant asked.

"Joyce's tits are plain to see
And her butt is real cute too,
You promised when you brought us here
That you'd teach us to screw."

"Excellent, excellent! You're doing very well," the concealed moron said. "Now each of you undress the other."

I waited, hoping that the third occupant of the cabin would move into my line of vision. Identity

of the person was my sole intention ; it would be foolish for me to let my presence be known. The perverted moron inside could have access to a rifle or handgun.

As the two young people undressed themselves, I tried to fix the voices within the cabin in my mind. I was sure that the third member of the group was an adult and probably a male. However, voices heard through a wall or a glass window are distorted and I needed positive identification.

The boy, Tom, was the first to bare his torso. He was a muscular individual who was physically mature in every respect. From the suntan on his body I figured him for one who spent a great deal of his time outdoors. As I watched, his penis reached a state of erection obtainable only by the virile young of our species.

Seemingly gripped by a paralysis of giggles, the girl, Joyce, hesitated to remove her brassiere and panties.

"Oh, come now, Joyce, I'm sure you and Tom have experimented before," the unseen moron coaxed.

"But not with anybody watching," the girl replied, gripped in another spasm of giggles.

My heart thudded as a figure moved into my range of vision. Whoever it was wore a white shirt, dark dress slacks and a cap similar to a French beret. The individual was tall and lean, and, from the back, appeared to have a fresh haircut.

The pervert quickly removed the girl's arms from across her breasts and freed her large, huge-nippled breasts. A single pull dislodged the girl's panties and they fell to her ankles.

"Now, that takes care of your inhibitions," the moron laughed in a deep voice, once again stepping out of my line of vision.

Cursing softly under my voice because I hadn't

seen the third member of the group from the side or the front, I watched the two young people come together and fall on the sheeted cot.

"Now, Tom, kiss her slowly and run your tongue into her mouth," the "sex-teacher" directed from the sidelines. The voice was muffled and I thought I detected excitement or lust.

The stillness of the desert night was broken by the click of the latch on the cabin door. I slipped silently to the rear of the building where I couldn't be seen if the pervert came outside.

Evidently I was safe because after a few moments I heard the click of the door closing again and I returned to the window. The culprit was guarding against possible discovery with a periodic check of the area leading to the old ranch area below.

Inside, the two young people were locked in a naked embrace. The boy was fondling and licking the girl's nipples, doubtless under the direction of the third member of the group. Both of their naked bodies were flushed and perspiring and I realized that it was probably very warm in the unventilated cabin.

"Now, Joyce, you lay very relaxed and on your back. Tom, you kiss and run your tongue over her neck, breasts, ribs and stomach. While you do that, stroke her inner thighs and buttocks," the moron directed. As the words were spoken, I saw a hand and arm enter my field of vision, waving and moving as if it were directing a symphony orchestra. Whoever, or whatever, the "teacher" was, displayed feminine movements at times.

The naked girl's face was a study in excitement, embarrassment and pleasure as the boy ran his tongue around, and into, her navel. Her rather stocky but shapely legs moved constantly, especially when he covered her Mount of Venus

and vagina with his hand.

"Now move your hips up and down slowly, Joyce," the unseen pervert ordered.

As the girl did as she was directed, I again heard the click of the cabin door. I froze against the side of the building instead of moving to the rear as before. To me, it was unthinkable that the culprit would leave the relative protection of the cabin and I was right. In a few moments the door closed once again.

As I peered into the room, the young man was performing cunnilingus upon the writhing, giggling girl. She had spread her legs into a wide angle with her feet in the air. He had his eyes tightly closed and his face was pinched.

"All young people engage in oral sex, Tom," came the soothing words of the pervert as the naked boy's face became suffused with blood. "I know you're impatient but you must see that Joyce is pleased also," the strained, tense voice added.

All of my training told me that the third occupant of the cabin was caught up in mounting lust. Because no move had been made to engage in sex play with the two young people, I concluded that the instructor hoped to reach orgasm solely by viewing the love action. I was later proven wrong.

The girl evidently achieved a climax as a result of the boy's oral stimulation. She became very agitated and restless, finally surrendering to the exquisite nerve spasm with loud cries and a frenzy of movement.

"Excellent, excellent, Tom! You've pleased her immensely!" the unseen moron cried in a voice hoarse with emotion as the boy lifted his flushed face and spat on the floor again and again. His chest heaved wildly as he struggled for breath and his whole torso shuddered with tension.

"Slowly, Tom, slowly!" the moron cautioned as the boy mounted the completely spread girl with his rigid penis in his fingers.

The atmosphere in the cabin was electric and I hoped the pervert would come into my line of vision as the boy drove into the girl with strong, rapid thrusts. I could occasionally see the arm and shoulder of the third occupant come into my line of vision but never once a profile or view of the facial features.

Knowing that my time was running short, I boldly crept to the front of the cabin and studied the automobile which was barely six feet from me. After carefully studying the way that the door of the building was situated, I darted to the rear of the car and noted the license number.

I was back by the window without mishap just as the naked young man was reaching his climax. His face was contorted and his body was jerking uncontrollably as he ejaculated into the thrashing girl. To my surprise, the coaxing voice of the pervert was cool and detached, not at all sounding as I had thought it would. As I listened, I changed my definition; it was subdued and sad rather than detached. Something here was at odds with the conclusions that I had drawn.

"Oh, it's the first time I've ever . . . felt like that," the girl giggled as she washed herself.

"You mean it was your first climax," the pervert corrected, still keeping up the image of the teacher. "Before, Tom got into too much of a hurry with you. Such gifts shouldn't be wasted. Always take the time to enjoy the act fully."

The boy stood grinning, half self-consciously, as he allowed the girl to soap and wash his now flaccid penis. "It sure was different the way you had us do it," he agreed, his face still flushed with the heat of his emotions and the unventilated

cabin.

"Now get dressed and I'll drop you off at your car, Tom. Remember, never mention my name to anyone or tell them of our secret place," the moron cautioned sternly.

"Gosh! We wouldn't! You've been too good to both of us," the girl exclaimed, shaking her head as she looked to the boy for confirmation.

"Work a little on your poetry and your grammar. Those are the next best things in life to separate you from the herd," the moron added after the young people were dressed and ready. I saw the hand and arm gather up the pads and pencils from the table and then the gas light was extinguished.

Safely behind the building, I heard them leave and get into the automobile. Even though I hadn't seen the face of the pervert, I felt sure that my quest had been successful as well as disgusting. I would find the culprit.

The following day I shaved and dressed in my regular clothes. As I pulled up in front of the small church, I drew surprised glances from the people arriving for Sunday services. I had to agree that my appearance was somewhat altered from the past few days and I had to grin as I wondered what they were thinking.

I didn't enter the church at once. I sat and studied the automobiles and trucks lined up in orderly fashion in the small parking lot. My pervert must have arrived early; it was parked next to a Chevy I recognized as belonging to Ted Herkimer.

During the church services I sat at the rear of the assembly and near the door. I wanted to be first out of the building to see who claimed the automobile in question. It was a long two hours.

It was all over at last, at least my part of the chase. I followed her home in my rented Buick to

give me time to collect my thoughts. Once she had turned into her neatly maintained driveway, I made a circle of the block and went back to talk to Ted.

“Miss C.?” he exclaimed softly. “I guess I’m not surprised, that’s why I wrote you I hadn’t ruled out anyone. She seems so unbending and meticulous in her manner and dress; so darned upright and unreachable. The worst part of it all is that she is such an excellent school teacher and instructor. How did she arrive at that mental state?”

I lit a cigarette and stuck my neck out. “I’ll venture an opinion, Ted. I think she dresses and acts the part of a woman, but in reality she’s an hermaphrodite. I’d bet she’s the possessor of both male and female organs, both incomplete and atrophied, and can’t realize the use of either. The result is frustration and a morbid interest in normal sex activity. She probably has never experienced an orgasm and feels like a freak. She takes this avenue of endeavor to gain some feeling of being a part of the mainstream of normal society. I say these things because from what I have observed — her voice, hair style and general build — she is equally masculine and feminine.”

“All right, but what in blazes do we do now? Have her arrested? Talk to the school board and have her discharged?” Ted asked, sweating freely from the desert heat and his emotions.

“We have to think in terms of helping her as well as protecting the young people of the community. Why don’t we visit her and lay our cards on the table and see if she’ll volunteer to visit a specialist for a complete examination. If she does, we’ll wait for his opinion. If she doesn’t, you’ll have to visit the school board and ask them what they want to do. A scandal wouldn’t do

anything but harm, especially in a community this small. Emotions could be aroused to a dangerous state," I replied, hoping that my advice would do some good.

It did. Ted and I visited Miss C. at her home and exposed her to herself. After the initial shock had left her, we gave her the only options to be found and she agreed to visit the specialist of my choice.

My diagnosis was right; Miss C. wasn't a "Miss" at all. Neither was she a "Mr." In slang usage she was an "It," an hermaphrodite. The examination revealed a normal penis, a small, abnormal vagina, one undescended and atrophied testicle, and a non-functioning ovary on the left side. She was incapable of orgasm and always would be.

The school board at Cripple Creek granted her an indefinite leave of absence and she entered a private mental institution for psychiatric treatment. Her physical self remains hopeless, as it always has been since birth. Her emotional and mental capacity, however, can and will be helped. There is no reason to doubt the fact that after a year or two of therapy and self-analysis, Miss C. will in all probability return to Cripple Creek to teach.

Oh yes, Ted Herkimer and I caught seventeen pounds of beautiful trout the last day of my vacation.

You might say it was an excellent fishing expedition.

CHAPTER FOUR

Janet Kling: *CASE OF THE RELUCTANT THIGHS*

Doctor Abe and I were sitting on his porch having a pre-dinner cocktail when he brought up the subject of the medical history which I have placed in my notes as the Case of the Reluctant Thighs.

"It's amazing how two people can live together without really knowing one another," he chuckled, lighting one of his evil smelling cigars.

Seeing the gleam in the eye of my old and trusted friend and personal physician, I realized that he was about to further my post-graduate education with another one of his experiences in the field of medicine.

"I'm all ears," I replied, working my chair around to face him directly and waiting expectantly.

"I've made a series of tapes; interviews with both a husband and wife who, at the time of their problem, had been married approximately seven months.

"The husband approached me first. He made an appointment and came in, requesting a physical examination for his wife. I was a little surprised at the procedure; usually the person with the medical problem will be the one to keep an appointment.

"I took him into my office and we sat down. He was ill at ease but most people are in a doctor's office. After preliminary small talk he started to tell me of his family situation. I'll keep quiet now and let you listen to the tape of the first visit,"

Doctor Abe concluded, leaning to his right and pressing the button on a console type tape recorder.

As the tape began, I heard the sound of Doctor Abe humming that off-key tune popular in the thirties. "It sounds better on tape," I laughed, watching him shrug and lift his hands in a hopeless gesture.

"He'll start talking in a minute; I had given him a cigar and he was lighting it. Ah, here it comes!"

"Doc, I'd better start at the beginning, I guess," a deep male voice said, slightly distorted because the speaker evidently had his mouth full of cigar. "I met my wife, Sylvia, at a party about eighteen months ago. I was attracted to her right from the start; she is sort of carefree and devil-may-care and so am I.

"That particular night she was hitting the mixed drinks pretty good and was putting on a mock strip show for the rest of the guests. She actually got down to her bra and panties and she was the life of the party, but that's all she took off. After she had finished, every gal there went through the same routine and everybody loved it.

"After the party, I coaxed her to have coffee with me. It was about two o'clock in the morning but there was a grill open just down the street. As we sat there drinking and talking, we seemed to really hit it off. I took her home about three-thirty and we parked in front of her house and began necking.

"Doc, she seemed hot as a pistol. She let me French kiss her and take out her titties and play with them, and I thought for sure we'd try on a little sex for size. I got my hand right up in her crotch — then she cut me off cold!

"Now there's nothing unusual about her stopping me there; a lot of girls like to neck and

pet but still won't fuck. When I got home that morning, I figured that was the case with her and she'd eventually get the urge.

"We started seeing each other almost every night. I fell in love with her and I know that she fell for me. Our necking sessions were as regular as clockwork for a couple of months but I couldn't get in her pants. She'd let me strip her naked to her panties but she'd never let me get those panties off or get her thighs open to where I could put my prick in her. Doc, it was horrible! For two months I ran around with a perpetual hard-on and that ain't funny.

"Well, I kept asking her if she was a virgin. I thought maybe she didn't want to give up her cherry except to her husband. There are gals like that you know; they're few and far between but they still exist. She kept assuring me that she had had a boyfriend when she was fifteen who had taken her maidenhead. She even admitted that she had liked it! She said she didn't know why she wouldn't fuck me.

"I got sort of disgusted and slipped out with an old girlfriend a couple of times. I really didn't want to but I had to have a piece of ass to relieve the pressure. Sylvia found out about it and she started dating other guys too, and we sort of drifted apart a little. Our dates went down to about two a week.

"One night I picked her up and she asked me to take her to a fishing lodge out on the lake. She said that we were to meet her girlfriend whose dad owned the place.

"We got there about nine o'clock, just as it started to rain. The place was unlocked, but nobody was there. We went in anyway and lit the fireplace, and boy was it romantic.

"We raided the refrigerator for sandwiches and beer, and started the hi-fi. By that time it was ten

o'clock and Sylvia said that the girlfriend probably had decided not to come because of the rain. That tickled the hell out of me because we started necking right there on the floor.

"I got her hot as hell, Doc. For the first time I really got to her. She was panting and moaning and I knew she wanted it. I kept whispering to her and finally she told me that she was going in the bedroom and I could come to her when she called to me.

"I drank three bottles of beer as I sat there; I was nervous as a cat. When she called, I practically ran to the bedroom. The place was so damned dark I like to broke my neck on a chair but she wouldn't let me turn on the light. I shed my clothes in a hurry and climbed in with her.

"Doc, she still had those damned panties on. Try as I might, I couldn't get them off. After about half-an-hour of squeezing and licking, she began to kiss the head of my prick and I almost went nuts. I pushed the leg of her panties aside and, after mounting her, worked my prick into her vagina.

"Well, it was her turn to go nuts. Doc, I never realized a gal could have such fits. Of all the moaning and squealing and bucking around! Of course for me it was terrific. She was so tight it actually hurt me until the shaft got greased up some. She had made me put on a rubber and of course those things get slick fast. Otherwise I don't think I could have gotten it into her.

"While I was humping, I tried to get her thighs open more so that I could use the length of it. The way she kept closed I could only use about half of it and you know how the urge grips you to get it in to the balls. Try as I might, it was no go; I had to make do with four inches.

"All through the session she acted as if she was dying. As she twisted and turned, I tried to hold

her hips and belly but she wouldn't let me touch her below the navel. I never really thought about that until the next day, but then it struck me really funny like.

"After awhile, she didn't hurt me but her vagina was still plenty tight. I slipped it out of her and got rid of the rubber without her knowing what I was doing.

"When I put it back in her it was so terrific that I came almost at once.

"She must have felt the stuff. She squealed and gasped and squeezed me all the time it was spurting into her vagina, just as if she loved every moment of the sensation. When it was over she still held me so close I couldn't breathe and she told me she loved me.

"We were married a month later, Doc. That was the only time we engaged in sexual intercourse until our honeymoon. During that month we seemed to get closer together than ever, even though not in bed. It just seemed as if we belonged together.

"During the seven months we've been married, Doc, I have never been able to get those panties off of her or to see her naked! Hell, a husband wants to hold his wife and to play with her. That's natural isn't it? Also, she still makes me use a damned rubber but I'd like to have kids with her. I've got enough love to go around and we can afford them.

"Oh, one other thing, Doc. Everytime I take a notion to get a little, she insists that we wait until dark and do it in our bedroom. Hell, I'd like to fuck a little on Sunday afternoon in the middle of the living room floor! Doc, is it me or is it her that has the problem?"

That particular reel of tape ran out at that point in the conversation.

"I heard the recorder buzz and changed the tape before I answered him," Doctor Abe said, pushing the stop button on the machine. "Let's have dinner and then we'll resume the case history," he added, rising and beckoning me into the house.

During the excellent dinner, I mentally digested the portion of the tapes that I had heard. Being new to the sciences of human behavior, I kept refusing to speculate aloud as to what the couple's troubles might be. At least I thought I wasn't going to speculate until Doctor Abe asked me what I thought of the case so far.

"Tell me your general thoughts," he ordered, chuckling anew.

"Well, his wife is evidently burdened with a terrific puritan objection to nudity, especially where the genitals are concerned, or she is disfigured in the lower areas and can't bear for her husband to see her," I said after a few moments of thought.

"Excellent. You're wrong but you're approaching the problem logically," he laughed, thumping the table gently to show his professional appreciation of my thought processes.

"Thanks for the letdown," I retorted, laughing with him.

On the porch once again, Doctor Abe started the second reel of tape through the recorder and more of the story unfolded as the physician answered the man's question.

"Your wanting your wife naked is perfectly normal. Also perfectly natural is your desire for children. However, in a team such as yours you must take into account the training and moral values of your mate. Say for instance your wife has been taught from infancy that sex is dirty and to be hidden from sight. You can't expect her to adapt to your thinking in such a short time. In

fact, it may be that she would never change her objections, regardless of how much you insist on the natural state of things.

"Secondly, your wife just may have a physical condition which she doesn't want you to see. Although it may not be, she may consider such a condition offensive or objectionable and is afraid that it would affect your love for her.

"I would suggest that you urge her to call me for an appointment. Impress upon her that her visit would be for conversation only. Tell her I'd like to meet both members of the family if I'm to be your family doctor. Maybe during our visit I can uncover her problem and see if I can help."

The tape was silent for a moment. The man had evidently been digesting what the doctor had said.

"All right, Doc. I think she'll come if I don't tell her about our conversation this morning. I'll tell her you want to talk to her about a proper diet for me; she's always saying I should put on more weight. Can you play along with story if I put it to her that way?"

The tape was silent except for a tiny sound which sounded like a lighter being flicked by a finger. Mentally I could see Doctor Abe lighting another cigar.

"That'll do fine. I'll give her a standard weight diet and you can suffer the consequences," the physician's voice came back, laced with just a bit of his jolly chuckle.

Doctor Abe again reached for the recording machine and changed to a third tape.

"This reel is one of three covering her visit with me," he said, peering at the titles which had been scrawled on each box. "The first one is not too pertinent to their problem but it is enlightening as far as her personality goes."

Doctor Abe speeded up the first portion of the

tape to eliminate her entrance into his office and their initial small talk. He slowed the speed to regular as they got into the subject meat of the matter.

"Sylvia, I'm always glad to advise newlyweds on personal adjustment. Is there anything in your married life that could present a problem, either now or later?" the physician's voice asked.

"I hope not. I suppose we have the normal upsets as far as dresser and closet space, and what each likes to eat. We really need two television sets; we argue about programs we'll watch," the girl's voice replied.

"How about your sex life?" Doctor Abe's voice asked.

"It took some getting used to. He's quite large sexually, for me at least. I think my female parts are adjusting, however," the girl's voice retorted, and I could hear the faintest tremor of a giggle.

"Do you plan a family?"

"Well, of course not right at present. I'll have to give it some thought because I have certain reservations," the girl's voice replied, seemingly quite hesitant.

"Oh? Are you afraid of pregnancy? Is there anything I can do to put your mind at ease?" Doctor Abe's voice asked.

"Not really, it's not that I'm afraid physically. I just think that it's a thing that should be given careful consideration," her voice retorted, as if she were trying to defend her belief.

"I see. That's wise thinking most of the time, unless of course it upsets the husband. Tell me, is there any part of the sex act that you don't enjoy? Sex is a joyful union you know."

"Not really. I don't object, in fact I am able to achieve orgasm now and it makes me feel wonderful and relaxed," she replied, her recorded

voice now sounding interested and pleased.

"Very good. How about nudity when you're alone with your lover? Do you let him enjoy total freedom of exploration of your body?" Doctor Abe's voice asked casually.

"I have . . . certain reservations but nothing that interferes with sexual intercourse."

"Do you ever have excessive abdominal pains or spotty bleeding between periods, Sylvia? I ask that because I notice your complexion is a tiny bit spotted under your eyes," Doctor Abe's recorded voice asked suddenly.

"You are observant, Doctor Abe! I experience the normal amount of discomfort but no irregular bleeding. Is the complexion shading indicative of something?" the girl's voice asked, a trifle apprehensive.

"Oh, I don't think so. I'll give you some tablets to take that will make your period easier to live with. It will also help your skin tones a bit. If they should make you a trifle sick at your tummy call me for another appointment. That would be an indication that all is not normal and a little attention is desirable," Doctor Abe's voice replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

At that point, the voices ceased on the balance of the reel. Doctor Abe turned the recorder off and peered again, searching for the second reel in the series.

"This next one is her second visit. Those tablets I gave her would make a horse sick at his stomach. I just wanted to get her a little worried about herself so that I could get her on the examining table," he chuckled.

"Why you old fraud," I gasped, laughing merrily at his devious methods of getting his way. "You're going to have your way if it kills the patient!"

"Naw, the tablets wouldn't have bothered her in

any way except for the minor upset. You've got to remember, she was hiding something that she was very touchy about, either physical or mental or both. If I was to help their relationship, the husband and wife I mean, I had to find out what was bugging her. Besides, she had to be cured. Being naked is a hell of a lot of fun when you're young enough."

In the midst of my laughter Doctor Abe started the next reel of tape.

"Doctor Abe," Sylvia's voice came, "you said to come back if the tablets upset my stomach. Well, they do."

"Then we need to look around to see what's causing the problem, my dear. Those are merely a diagnostic tool to discover conditions which later lead to trouble," Doctor Abe's voice replied soothingly.

"I get sick mostly in the mornings. I don't know if it's the tablets or the possibility of pregnancy. Can you tell somehow?"

"Do you use any method of birth control?" the physician's voice countered.

"Well, my husband uses a condom. At least he's supposed to use one but he's tricky. He shot off in me the first and only time we engaged in sexual intercourse before we were married. I know he did it a second time about three months ago. I had had one climax and it had made me quite emotional. I was approaching a second when he sort of slipped out for a second or two. When he penetrated me again, he had his own spasm and I could feel his semen spurting deep. We always put a towel under us and after it was over I'm sure it drained into the towel. I tried to get him to admit it but he only laughed," the girl's voice replied, and again I heard the slight tremor of a nervous giggle.

"He's a perfectly normal but tricky husband,

isn't he?" Doctor Abe's voice chuckled. "I can make a pregnancy test but I'd rather do a complete physical examination if you don't mind."

"Oh no! I've never had an examination since I was a child," the girl's voice replied, immediately alarmed and on the defensive.

"Well, of course I can only urge you to reconsider, Sylvia. It certainly wouldn't be painful; I'll have Miss Burns, my nurse, in to hold your hand. First I'll check your throat and ears and eyes. Then I'll listen to your heart and lungs with this stethoscope, and maybe finger your breasts to check for lumps. After that I'll push on your tummy to check for Lord knows what, and then we'll have a look at your pelvic area and vagina to see how your love life is progressing. Somewhere about then I'll have a look at the lips of your womb to see if it is in the right position; that tricky husband might shoot his sperm up there again, you know. Who knows, he might succeed in breeding you," the physician's voice chuckled.

"But I can't see the necessity of it!"

"Sylvia, I get the impression, and so does your husband, that you are hiding something from both of us. Let's face facts; you never remove your panties and make him penetrate you by by-passing the elastic in the leg. Also, you refuse to be seen nude, even by a trained physician. Now you're married and you want to protect that union. If you've got a problem let me know about it and help to correct it. Otherwise your marriage might fail. Suspicion in a husband isn't good, especially when it surrounds your love-making. That's a very sensitive area to monkey with in any relationship," Doctor Abe's voice said gently but firmly.

"There's... nothing you can do. Besides, I'm... different than other females and I'm ashamed of it," the girl's voice replied, sobbing.

"My dear, how do you know what medical science can do if you've not been examined since infancy? Also, believe me, there are no two human beings alike so don't worry about being 'different' or unusual. Finally, never be ashamed of any physical peculiarity; just try to overcome or correct it through the proper medical consultation and therapy. Now get undressed and I'll call Miss Burns."

Movement was heard on the tape and also the girl's frightened sobbing. Doctor Abe looked at me with a grin on his face.

"She was really shook up as you can hear. When the nurse came in she managed to get her to disrobe and put on a surgical gown. In the meantime I acted as a grandfather should and went about my business. Now you'll hear my assinine comments," he grunted, his eyes twinkling.

We sat and waited for the conversation to be renewed. In the background I could hear Miss Burns murmuring to the patient but the words were indistinguishable.

"Well, well, here we are," Doctor's Abe's voice came suddenly, loud and sharp. "Let's see those pretty boobies, little gal. Hey, they're nice and firm."

"Oh, Doctor, you're a regular Casanova. You just happen to be too damned old for this little pretty!" Miss Burns's army-nurse voice grated on the tape.

"Aw, shut up you old biddy. You're just jealous," Doctor Abe's voice grumbled in return as their horseplay began. It never failed to both shock and amuse a nervous patient.

"Jealous? Of what you old goat? At least I've still got the box mine came in," the nurse's voice chuckled on the tape.

"Well, it's just a hide-bound antique and

completely useless, you can bet on that,” Doctor Abe’s voice shot back.

I knew that while their good-natured banter was going on, the doctor was intent upon his examination. His keen eyes and well trained fingers weren’t missing a single thing as they worked their way over the girl’s upper torso.

“Hey, any soreness there you sexy creature?” the physician’s voice asked suddenly.

“No. Are those my ovaries?” Sylvia’s voice asked, sounding as if fear and amusement were struggling for the upper hand in her emotions.

“Sure thing. Those are your seed pods, or at least the area where they are normally to be found. If I’m not wrong, you’ve got both of them right on target,” Doctor Abe’s voice came back, sounding like a cat who had found the milk.

The tape ran on, the sounds now of movement only. After a few moments, Doctor Abe’s off-key hum broke the half-silence.

“God, not that,” the voice of Nurse Burns grunted in resignation.

“Aw, shut up, you old biddy,” Doctor Abe’s voice murmured absently.

“Hey, what have you got taped to your Mount of Venus, girl? Is THAT your big secret?” the physician’s voice asked suddenly, making me sit bolt-upright in my chair.

“Isn’t that enough?” the girl’s voice came faintly and I knew she had turned her head away.

“So, nature gifted you with a penis as well as a vagina. That’s no earth shaking event. What other little goodies have you got hidden away? Any testicles?” Doctor Abe’s voice asked in a flippant manner.

“No, thank God!”

“Did you ever see a surgeon about this unwanted guest?” the physician’s voice asked.

"My mother did when I was three. He said I'd have to live with it; surgery was out of the question because of the danger of bleeding to death or something like that. After that, my mother made me stop wondering and talking about it. It was evil and dirty, she said."

"Hogwash," Doctor Abe's voice retorted, sounding angry and disgusted. "The ignorance of some people. She should have taken you to a specialist. Of course, surgery has come a long way in the last twenty years and maybe there's something there that I don't see as yet. Spread out those reluctant thighs and let me see that treasure your husband gets so hot and bothered about, young lady."

"Ummmmm, you almost make me wish I was young again! It looks as if that might have been painful when he spread it with his peter the first time," Doctor Abe's voice added, bringing a giggle from Nurse Burns and the patient.

"It still does," the girl's voice replied in a gasp. I knew that at that moment, Doctor Abe had been dilating her vagina in order to examine her uterus.

"Hey, everything looks perfectly normal in there. Boy, that's deep! Just for curiosity's sake I'd like to look at your husband's ramrod. Did he help with the digging?"

"No . . . he's never really . . . been able to . . . do it completely," Sylvia's voice replied, torn between pain and amusement at the physician's bedside erotica.

"You've got a real thrill coming, honey," Nurse Burns's voice came in a hoarse whisper, seemingly designed to be confidential but which was recorded clearly on the tape.

"How in the hell would you remember after half-a-century, you old biddy," Doctor Abe's voice guffawed.

"It hasn't been half-a-century, thank you. It's only been thirty seven years since I quit sparking, you old goat," the nurse's voice retorted primly.

At that point all three broke into loud peals of laughter. Even the girl's physical deformity seemed to vanish from the scene.

"Look, baby," Doctor Abe's voice finally resumed, professionally that is, "I'm going to refer you to a good friend of mine, a surgeon who is an expert in problems like yours. Keep this quiet and don't tell your husband. I think he can remove that excess meat and your hubby will never be the wiser. Unless I miss my guess, that's your only problem. If there is anything else, it will be correctable and minor. After that, you can leave the panties off in bed. I'd also suggest that hubby plant his seed in your little twat anytime he pleases; that's what makes for a good life and a happy marriage."

"Oh, Doctor Abe. Why couldn't I have met you years ago," Sylvia sobbed, happy and excited.

"Oh, a lot of women have cried over that same thing. Just grin and bear it, honey," Doctor Abe chided proudly.

CHAPTER FIVE

Bob Dylan: *CASE OF THE UNDESCENDED TESTICLES*

It is almost always that the public looks to the policeman for help, but in the instance I am about to relate it was a policeman who appealed for help. This particular officer had a peculiar problem which I will call the Case of the Undescended Testicles.

It all started with a telephone call from a personal friend of mine; an attorney who had entered politics, and who had been appointed an assistant state's attorney. I'll call my friend Carl Johns for the record.

Carl called me on a Saturday afternoon. In doing so, he interrupted a planned game of golf. I was a little irritated at the time but now I'm more than glad that I became involved in the case.

"Bob, a city policeman, a member of the vice-squad, has been indicted by a county grand jury on a charge of soliciting a bribe and attempted rape. The plaintiff and supposed victim is a gal who has been arrested twice for prostitution but never convicted. She claims the officer, Gerald Owens, solicited a bribe from her after he had accused her of soliciting for prostitution. When she refused to pay him, she says he attempted to rape her. To top it off, she's got a fourteen year old daughter who claims she heard the whole thing.

"Now I know Owens quite well. He's a bachelor and a deacon in his church. He's also been on the force for twelve years and has several citations for excellent behavior in the line of duty. I just don't

see him playing the part she accuses him of. Besides, in all the time I've known him, and as active as he is socially, I've never known him to date anybody in the true sense of the word. He just isn't interested in women sexually.

"I wonder if you'll call on him at his apartment at 63 Elm Drive and see what can be done to help him. I can't; I'm supposed to prosecute the poor guy and I will if the facts warrant it. I have to bring him to trial under the laws of the state whether I like it personally or not. Would you do it for me?" Carl concluded, sounding apologetic and worried.

"Does it have to be done today?" I asked, interested in spite of myself and not a little bit flattered.

"Well, I'll have to start putting my case together for the preliminary court appearance on Monday. Because we don't know what we're dealing with here as far as his defense is concerned, I would suggest that no time be wasted if possible."

"All right. I'll call him and duck over there this afternoon if he's home. I assume he's been suspended pending court action," I replied, mentally kissing my game goodbye.

"Right on both counts. Thanks, Bob. I sort of feel that this will help in your post-graduate work and that makes me feel better in calling you on such short notice," he said, apologetic once again.

"Think nothing of it, friend. It's good to know I've got a friend in the state prosecutor's office," I retorted, laughing.

"The next time you're indicted, just tell them you know me. Anything up to an overtime parking ticket we'll take care of. Seriously, I really appreciate it, Bob. Let me know how you make out."

63 Elm Drive proved to be an apartment complex overlooking the river. The tenants were

neatly listed in the outer foyer, each with his own bell button to herald visitors. Running my finger down the list, I found that Gerald Owens lived on the third floor west in apartment 7W. I rang the bell.

Upstairs, delivered by a smooth, noiseless elevator, I found myself shaking hands with a six foot, two inch ex-football carrier who looked like he could take care of himself in any situation except the one he found himself in now. At that moment he seemed a little bewildered with his lot in life. His police training had become second nature, however. By the time we had sat down in his living room, he had examined my person and my clothing in a manner calculated to make me wish that I had brought my lawyer along. I almost expected him to pat my pockets.

We passed five minutes in small talk of the type I hate to put in my journals. During that time he got half my life story while I got little or nothing out of him. I was beginning to dislike talking to law enforcement people.

"Mr. Owens, Carl Johns in the prosecutor's office seems to think that I might be of some help to you in your defense. Would you give me the whole picture surrounding your contact with your accuser and her daughter?" I asked, taking the plunge into his personality.

He offered me a cigarette before he started. I could see his brain working in his eyes as he began to choose the words he wanted me to hear. You'd have thought I was trying to pump the Secretary of Defense about where we'd placed our defensive missiles.

"I was working out of the vice-squad dayroom two weeks ago last Saturday on the three to eleven shift. That's the time most of the hookers pick up their marks, you know. Anyway, my partner and I

went into Sammy's Lounge, down on Third and Halifax. We split up, him at the bar and me at a small table in the corner.

"After about an hour, my partner thinks he's got one spotted. When she leaves the place with her pick-up, he tags along to see where she's got her pad. That leaves me alone at the table.

"About ten minutes later this redhead comes in. I've seen her around before but I don't think she ever made me; identified me as a cop I mean. At that time I was just another rube sitting there gawking at the broads.

"She goes to work right away on a drunk at the bar. She whispers to him and nuzzles around and he's interested. He buys her a couple of drinks and then they hightail it out of there with me right behind them.

"It was about two blocks to this pad of hers; it was a furnished complex of low rent deals that go for about twenty a week. Her pad was the basement apartment. That made it easy for me to observe the action.

"I wait till I see the light come in a room at the side of the building. I figure it for a bedroom and peek through the curtains. I was right and they were both in there, undressing.

"Now usually the hookers insist on their dough before they haul the guy's ashes. That's all I was waiting for, the payoff. For some reason the redhead let the dough slide and concentrated on raising a hard-on for the guy. He'd had enough booze to affect him and she had to spread him out on the bed and start sucking his prick before he could cut the mustard.

"With both of them naked and her blowing him and all, you'd think I could have moved in and made the pinch. No soap. Money has to change hands before a court will consider the deal.

“She finally got him stiff and rolled on her back. He takes his prick in his hand and she helps him get it in. They start fucking away and I’m squatting there on the outside walk watching the action.

“After awhile, the guy gets his nuts off; I could tell by the look on his face and the way he rammed it in to the balls. After he shot his wad off he rolled off and they lay there talking. In a couple of minutes he reaches for his wallet and gives her a bill.

“That was all I had been waiting for. I went around to the front and tried the door. The nightlock was on and I had to kick the thing open before I could get into the place. I rush into the place and come to a damned sudden stop.

“Standing right by the bedroom door was a teen-age girl. She was as naked as her mother and had been letting the guy ogle her while he was screwing her old lady! You could have knocked me over with a feather even though we see all kinds of things in this business.

“It’s funny how time stops at a time like that. I was surprised and the naked kid was scared. The only one who kept her cool was the old lady who came boiling out of the bedroom, screaming and tearing her hair. ‘Rape! He’s raping me!’ she yells.

“Right away I think that she’s put the make on me and knows I’m a cop. I think that she’s yelling all this at me so I’ll pinch the sucker on the bed. I start laughing.

“Before I know it, she’s past me and running up the steps naked to the street, still yelling rape. At about the same time her daughter runs past me doing the same thing. I forget about the sucker in the bedroom and take off after them, running right into a flock of neighbors who foam out onto the street to see what’s going on. Then she points the

finger at me and says it was me who tried to bribe her and rape her. The next thing I know a precinct prowl car is there and the boys are taking statements. During the fuss, the only witness I got grabs his pants and leaves by the back door. The chances of my finding him are exactly one in two million and I'm stuck with her accusation."

The policeman sat back at the conclusion of his narrative and looked at me as if I should have an instant solution to his problem. I didn't. He had been caught in a vice between two naked females.

"Will the court take the woman's word against yours?" I asked, somewhat timidly. I knew how assinine the question must sound.

"It's her daughter, that wholesome child, who will sway the court. The mother's testimony would be old hat to a criminal court judge," he replied, his voice holding a tiny bit of pity for my stupidity.

I sat immobile, looking around the officer's apartment and listening to the imported coo-coo clock on the wall. Everything my eyes fell on told me this guy was a confirmed bachelor and a stable citizen who wouldn't risk his career to rape anyone. He had it made, socially and financially. He was too shrewd to expose his enviable lot in life for a piece of ass from a hooker.

"Look," I said finally, "I'm going to have a talk with the mother and daughter so that I can observe them. I'll drop back tomorrow afternoon and compare notes. How's that?"

"All right, I'll be here," he said, shrugging as if it made no difference to him at all. There was no thank-you-for-your-interest, kiss-my-ass, or anything. I left the place.

The basement apartment where the action had taken place needed a good going over with a broom, soap and water and elbow grease. The kid

looked clean enough but I thought the mother could also use a bath.

I introduced myself, saying in a round about way that I could be there at the request of the state's attorney's office. My statement generated interest in the kid and put out the calculating look in the mother's eye.

"I hope they send him up for twenty years," was the mother's first enlightening remark as I sat down.

"Let's see, you must be Mrs. Rita Rice and this must be Debbie," I said, ignoring the venom in her voice. As my eyes went from the mother to the daughter, the kid slid her shapely leg over the arm of the couch and took my picture. Her camera had hair around it and was completely visible; Debbie either never wore panties or had forgotten to put them on.

I felt myself flush and I cleared my throat. "And how old is Debbie," I asked, letting a mechanical grin spread over my face as I tore my eyes away from the erotic sight.

"I'm fourteen last month," she giggled, swinging her leg and making the creases come together.

"Such an age for a child to see an attempted rape," her mother sniffed, looking self-righteous and outraged. I suddenly realized that sitting where she was, the mother was also having her picture taken by her daughter and thought nothing of it.

"Exactly how did the officer attempt to rape you. How did he grab you physically, I mean?"

"Well . . . first he broke my door down — look at the lock there — and then he told me I would have to pay him fifty dollars or he would swear that I had solicited him for prostitution. When I refused, he yelled that he would take his fifty dollars in trade and he tried to grab my titties and . . . well you know. Just then Debbie came out of the

bathroom where she had been taking a shower and he pushed me into the bedroom there and tried to close the door. I broke away from him and ran out the front door. Debbie was so frightened that she ran after me into the street. We were both naked because I had just taken my bath and was getting ready to go back out for awhile. Just ask the neighbors. They'll tell you about it after that," she replied, biting a nail just a bit nervously.

"I wonder why he broke your door down? The back door was unlocked wasn't it?" I asked suddenly.

"Not until after . . .," she began and then stopped suddenly, her face becoming frozen as she realized that she had walked into a trap.

"Not until after what, Mrs. Rice?" I asked softly, intent upon her expression of guilt.

"Uh . . . not until after I emptied the garbage. That was just before he broke the front door," she replied, her voice freezing up.

"You emptied your garbage naked?" I asked, allowing surprise to slip into my voice.

"It was dark. No one saw me. That's all I can talk now . . . we've got an appointment," she snapped, standing up and waiting expectantly.

I glanced at the child as I stood up. Debbie's face was flushed and she was looking down, picking at her nails. Her leg was swinging madly.

"All right, Mrs. Rice. We'll meet again in court. Good luck and may the innocent victim win," I said, intently studying the sleazy apartment just to make her nervous.

"What do you mean by that?" she snapped, her face becoming even more drawn.

"Just what I said, Mrs. Rice. Perjury carries a minimum five year sentence in this state."

She was still staring at me as I tipped my hat and left.

I stopped for dinner at Maxie's Better Quality Steak House. The steaks were as bad as ever but the price was right and I had a booth to myself. It was there, while waiting for the gourmet delight, that I began to itemize the facts that I had at hand.

Oddly enough it wasn't Rita Rice or Debbie who fascinated me. Rita disgusted me in the way an older woman who is wanton disgusts any young man. Debbie was pretty enough and sexy enough — especially her camera — to make me wish that I was fifteen years of age and her next door neighbor. Heck, I'm a young man and perfectly normal. Besides, somebody was going to do it sooner or later, the way she advertised it.

No, it was the policeman who interested me as a student of human behavior. Why would a tall, strapping, reasonably attractive man with an excellent future bury himself in a completely male atmosphere? Oh, I know it's done, but if one will look close enough there is always that reason. I had a hunch that the solution to his problem was within himself.

After I had my steak and had paid my two dollar dinner check, I went home and called the prosecutor, Carl Johns.

"Carl, could you possibly let me see Officer Owens' personnel file? His employment file with the city I mean," I asked.

Dead silence greeted me for a moment. "Gee, Bob, you're asking me to stick my neck out a long way on that one. City personnel files, especially this city, are really touchy. Political pull and all that, you know. Why do you need that?"

"That old gal's out to get him and her daughter will do just what her mother tells her. The whole thing is a lie but proving it is something else. I think that if we look close enough at Officer Owens we'll find something that will prove he

wouldn't — or couldn't — have approached her," I replied, hoping I knew what I was saying.

"Well, it happens that I've got his file here at my home. I haven't looked at it yet. You come on over and look at it, and then forget you ever saw it," he said reluctantly, more worry creeping into his voice.

It took me just seventeen minutes to cross town and pull into his well-kept driveway. In another ten minutes I had met his wife and toddlers and was closeted in his study examining Officer Owens' file.

We found out that he had been exempted from military duty during the Korean war. At that time he had been a college student and had made application to the Police and Fire Board for a job as a cop. He had joined the force before completing his Business Administration course but had later taken his degree in night school. As I thought of his grammar I realized how quickly formal education wears off all of us.

"There's nothing here to help him," Carl said, throwing the file down in disgust.

"Well, we know that a certain alderman used his influence to get him to the top of the eligibility list before he was hired," I said, grinning, knowing I'd get under my friend's political skin.

"Now dammit, Bob! You'll get us all in dutch," Carl yelled, running his hands through his hair nervously.

"Relax, friend, relax. I don't care if the mayor himself put him on the payroll. Who cares, he's turned out to be a fine policeman so give the alderman a little credit," I soothed.

"There is something here that's unusual, Carl," I added, examining his initial physical examination closely. "Notice that most of the report is typed in but this one section is written in completely illegible hand writing."

The prosecutor took the report which I handed him. "I can't make out what the doctor noted. He

I wonder what it was that he found. I also wonder if the notation was intentional to protect the doctor later in case anything ever came up. I also wonder if the alderman and the doctor are good friends," I mused, studying the scrawl once again. friends," I mused, studying the scrawl once again.

"Boy, you are a die-hard," the prosecutor breathed, his face getting red once again.

I laughed at his discomfort. I could see his point; political influence can make or break anyone connected with any political machine and Carl Johns was no exception. He had a wife and kids to feed.

I studied the scrawl under a magnifying glass that I carried with me at all times. I felt my skin crawl with certainty when I managed to make out one medical term. I was almost certain that I had the answer to Officer Owens' dilemma. The solution could kill him professionally, however, and I wondered if it wouldn't be better for him to take his chances in court.

"Carl, I want you to go with me to see Officer Owens tomorrow afternoon. I've got an appointment with him then and I think that we can prove his innocence on the strength of this medical examination report. I want to talk to him first so why don't you be at his apartment one hour after I get there. It may be that he won't want such a personal item about him known and will prefer to take his chances in court. I'll have to ask him about it before I disclose the nature of my find. Agreeable?" I asked.

"What have you found there?" he asked, taking the report from me again and examining it with a puzzled frown on his face.

"Proof of innocence. You won't have a case if

that comes out, but I'm sure you'll be pleased if he is innocent," I replied, allowing a question to slip into my voice as I watched him.

"Oh hell, of course I'll be tickled. It just floors me to think that a young punk like you, a graduate student, can keep pace with a prosecuting attorney's office," he grunted, shaking his head.

"Well, the prosecuting attorney isn't much older," I pointed out, grinning and slapping him on the back.

"Yes, but you don't have an organization behind you, either," he protested, grinning in return.

"Oh, yes, I have. Yours!" I pointed out, thumbing my nose at him as I left the house.

The following afternoon I arrived first at Officer Owens' apartment as planned. He turned out to be his old, irritating self, and looked at me as if I were a strange bug under a microscope. He had about as much faith in my ability to help his cause as I have in becoming a millionaire.

"Now, Mr. Owens. I'll put it to you straight, just as I did to Carl Johns, the prosecuting attorney who believes you innocent. That woman and her daughter are rank poison and are out to get your scalp. She told me she wants to see you get twenty years. Of course, that's just her desires and wouldn't happen, but she can and will get your job unless we tell the court the facts. Either that or call her in and tell her why it is impossible for her half of her story to be true. If half of it is false — and it is — the other half is false also. What do you think about the matter? Is your political pull strong enough to save your job?" I asked, hoping that he wouldn't break my jaw when he hit me.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, surprised and taken aback at my sudden questions.

"Your medical examination report in your

personnel file," I said, letting the cat out of the bag.

He stood up and leaned threateningly over me. "How did you see my file," he breathed, his face as stiff as granite.

"The prosecutor has it to compile the case against you. We went over it to find an answer to this woman's false accusations. I found out that you have always been an hermaphrodite. Your testicles failed to descend and have atrophied. You couldn't manage an erection if your life depended upon it. Furthermore, the chemical imbalances of your body leave you with no true sex at all. Therefore the mother and daughter are lying!"

He sat down suddenly, his face pale and drawn.

"So it's all over, career and everything. It's not easy to start something new at my age," he grunted, looking a little dazed.

"Oh, malarky! I suggest telling the prosecutor the facts and let him call the two females in and threaten them with perjury. He doesn't have to tell them how he knows they're lying; neither does he have to let it go any further than the trial judge. I'll bet the judge goes along and says nothing. It's really none of his official business. He's only acting on an indictment and wants the truth," I exclaimed, breathless.

"All right, we'll do it your way. Should I call Johns?" he sighed, preparing to rise.

"He'll be here pretty soon. I told him I wanted to talk to you first before I revealed the truth to anyone. You may have wanted to take your chance with the indictment," I replied.

For the first time in a long time, I'd bet, the guy actually seemed to become slightly human. He even fought to produce a smile, a real smile, but he had a rough time with the muscles of his face. They simply weren't used to the effort. He gave it up finally and went to the refrigerator for a couple

of beers for us. I settled for that, feeling glad that I hadn't decided to go into law enforcement.

The prosecutor arrived and we told him the story. He was dumbfounded because he didn't realize that every male in this world doesn't have a functioning penis and testicles and simply can't fuck. I could almost see his brain work when he thought of a day or a week without a piece of ass. That's probably what made him shudder.

"Jees!" he breathed, and believe it or not that was his only comment about the whole affair.

The judge was too old to shudder when he heard the confidential report. He was young enough, however, to appreciate the value of a good policeman and he never even made a note on his bench pad. The officer is back at work and nobody is the wiser about his vanished nuts. He is the perfect vice officer.

If Debbie hasn't already lost her cherry, she'll have to wait till she's eighteen. The Juvenile Court got a confidential report and the girl is now in a good foster home. She'll be there till she's eighteen.

Darn it anyway!

CHAPTER SIX

Janet Kling: *THE CASE OF THE DEVIL'S SPAWN*

Oh, I get so mad when I enter this case in my journal. I've never met such a hideous creature as the pervert whose name is entered in the legal files as "Alice Gentle."

I didn't want to go to the detention home as an investigator anyway. Doctor Abe talked me into it when a parent of one of the juvenile inmates approached him about her daughter getting pregnant where there were no males permitted.

How is that possible, you ask? It was my job to find out how the girls were sneaking out or how the man or boy was sneaking in.

Carolyn was committed to the home when she had been apprehended smoking marijuana with a group of youngsters. At her hearing, her mother agreed with the judge that she should be sent to a training school for girls until she was eighteen. At the time of her detention she had just turned seventeen.

She'd been at the home about six months when her mother was notified that Carolyn was three months pregnant. Of course everybody was upset, including the judge who had sent her there. Carolyn's mother talked to her doctor and friend, Doctor Abe, and he fixed it up for me to go up to the school on an undercover assignment. Doctor Abe is also my friend and personal physician, and he knew I'd fit the bill while doing my post-graduate work in human behavior. That's no sign I appreciated the favor. I don't like such things

as cloak and dagger activities. Someone had to find that busy penis up there I supposed, so I went.

The judge had fixed it for me to work as a house mother. I had a dormitory of twelve girls under my control; the same dormitory which had housed the now pregnant girl, Carolyn. The state had moved the girl to another facility until the birth of the child.

I'll tell you right now that all of the young inmates were a wild bunch. Everyone of them had been committed as an offender of one sort or another and they hadn't changed a bit.

The first week of my tenure the girls watched me and I watched them. I learned the daily routine of the establishment and got the feel of the place before I called them in one by one and had a get-acquainted session. Actually all it boiled down to was my telling them I wanted the place kept clean and neat, and to come to me with any problems they might encounter.

The impression the girls seemed to get of me was favorable. I evidently didn't appear to be trouble for them and they soon began to ignore me from a distance. If that doesn't make sense, visit the place sometime and you'll see what I mean.

Three of the girls stuck in my memory; the meeting with them and the talk I had with them I mean. I'll call them Rhonda, Lynda and Bobbie. Rhonda was a lovely seventeen year old redhead who should make her way in the world as a clothing model when she becomes of age and leaves the place. She was a sexy doll and had been committed because of the contempt with which she treated her parents and school instructors.

Lynda was a sixteen year old blonde with baby blue eyes. She was a bit stocky but had the largest pair of breasts I had ever seen on a girl of her age group. She also had a baby-like voice and a ready

laugh. Lynda had been sent to the school when she had been arrested while in the company of a boy who had just robbed a service station. Her companion had shot and killed the station attendant and had been sentenced to life imprisonment.

Bobbie was a tall girl with raven black hair and strong, muscular build. She had a lovely mouth and dark, bedroom eyes. She knew how to use the charms she had and I wondered if she possibly had lesbian tendencies. I thought she gave me the eye all through our meeting but I couldn't be sure. She did have the prettiest smile I had ever seen.

As the days passed, I saw nothing to indicate the presence of a male on the premises. If he was sneaking into the dormitories at night, he must have been trained as a cat burglar. I wasted too many hours walking the grounds from ten in the evening until three in the morning. Neither were any of the girls managing to circumvent the normal security measures.

Two incidents interested me profoundly though. On two separate occasions my belongings were searched in my room and small amounts of money were taken. The mystery behind it was the fact that my door was locked during the day and any other time I was absent from my room. I examined the lock closely and it hadn't been tampered with. Someone, either inmate or employee, had a key. If another key was available for use in my lock, keys were probably available for the rest of the doors. It was lucky there was nothing to indicate my true identity and reason for being at the institution in my possessions. At least I had done one thing right in my assignment.

I had almost decided that Carolyn's pregnancy was a one-of-a-kind occurrence for which we would

never find the answer. After three weeks, I had found nothing threatening the virtue of the girls under my control. I was entirely wrong as usual.

It was raining that night. The darkness was intense and I decided not to go on my regular evening patrol after stepping out of the dorm. I must have stood there for at least thirty minutes, smoking and thinking. I did walk around the side of the main building, and that's when my attention was attracted to a light coming from the linen room.

I walked to the window and leaned to look under the tiny slit between the bottom of the windowshade and the windowsill. To my shock and amazement I was looking right at a rigid penis as it slid quickly back and forth in a tightly spread vagina! Due to the area of vision, the actual sex act was all I could see. I realized that my eyes were a bare five or six inches from the straining flesh, and the sudden, unexpected visual encounter held me paralyzed.

I wondered wildly what to do. I certainly realized the danger of approaching a man in such a situation, especially in a penal institution. I desperately tried to improve my line of vision so that I could identify the girl in question. During this period of hesitation on my part, the penis entered the vagina to the root and I realized that an ejaculation was taking place. The penis expanded and I could see the canal on the underside of the shaft swell with semen as he experienced his climax.

Still helpless with indecision, I remained and watched as the sex act was completed and the penis withdrawn from the vagina. The size of the organ and the amount of semen escaping from the girl left no doubt in my mind that the culprit was a very virile and young-adult male. But who could he

be and how did he get into the dormitory building?

The rain was coming down much harder now and I slipped away from the window and ran back to the entrance to the building. Swallowing my apprehension, I then boldly walked down the silent corridors until I came to the now dark linen room. Opening the door, I switched on the light and found . . . nothing. Absolutely nothing. Whoever had been here had departed. The only indication that I hadn't been dreaming was a small pool of seminal fluid very much visible on a dark green towel.

The dormitory that I was in charge of was one of three wings of a brick building shaped like a capital "T". I realized that any of the occupants of the whole building could have used the linen room for the purpose of fornication. The girl involved wasn't necessarily from my dormitory.

The next morning I called Lynda, the little blonde incorrigible, into my office.

"Lynda, you seem to be the most receptive to the people who are trying to help you adjust to society. Have you ever seen any of the girls with a young man?"

"In here, Miss Kling? You've got to be kidding!" she giggled.

"Carolyn became pregnant in here. No one has been kidding about that. What's your thinking about her?" I asked.

"So she got screwed by a delivery man or maybe even a state inspector. Stranger things have happened around here," she replied, shrugging her shoulders.

"Have you ever had an affair with a boy or man in here?" I asked her boldly, watching her face for any reaction to my question.

"If I get fucked in here it'll be because I want it. When I do, it'll be my own business and none of

yours," she snapped back, her face flushing slightly.

I sat and watched her fidget tapping my pencil on the desk in an effort to make her uneasy.

"Don't misunderstand me, I'm all for an affair if it can be done safely. After all, being cooped up is hard enough on you girls," I finally said soothingly, deciding to try to attract her naturally lawless inclinations.

"Then just don't worry about us. If somebody's getting some peter let them enjoy it in peace!"

"What if there's another pregnancy? The heat will be on and you girls will be the ones to feel it. They'll turn the place into a regular penal institution with cell-blocks and everything," I said, letting a worried note creep into my voice.

"They wouldn't!" she said, her eyes widening at the thought. Even though she was hard, she was still only a girl and could be swayed.

"Oh, wouldn't they! If a boy or man is sneaking in here he'd better learn to control his emotions. You'd better pass the word around!"

After she had left, I reviewed our conversation and her reaction. I was sure I had shaken her up and she would talk to all of the girls she came into contact with. Only time would tell what sort of chain reaction it would set off. It could point a finger at the girl or girls involved.

Two days later I found a note in my locked room. "Keep your nose out of the dorm's business or I'll stick it in you," it read. I laughed, wondering whether it was a threat or a promise. Whoever our male culprit was, he had gotten the word.

The girls turned sullen toward me after that; hard and suspicious. They thought I was trying to deprive them of their one romantic outlet and I certainly was. The only exception was Bobbie. She seemed to become more attentive to me and came

to my office very day on some pretext or other. I soon got the idea that she had appointed herself as a spy for the group and I wondered what they expected to gain.

The following Sunday I was in town. Germandale isn't a large place and it is approximately one mile from the main gate of the institution. Most of the people working at the training school lived and shopped there, and almost all of the institution's supplies were trucked from there.

It was only my second visit to town. I parked my car and walked slowly through the shopping area, looking in the clothing stores for a slightly heavier sweater than I had with me. After purchasing the garment, I entered a combination book store and card shop. While going through a stack of greeting cards I happened to look up and through the window. To my surprise, I thought I saw the tall, raven-haired figure of the girl Bobbie just disappearing around the corner.

"Impossible," I thought to myself. "She's not allowed out of the dormitory area!"

My identification was so positive in my mind that I ran out of the store and around the corner in the direction the girl had been moving. Only an automobile leaving the curb at high speed attracted my attention and I wondered if it had really been her.

Stepping into a phone booth, I called the dorm and asked Miss Perry, the split-shift matron to check and see if Bobbie was on the premises. I told her to say nothing, just look.

She returned within seconds. "Yes, she's right here in the main hall playing cards with the girls. Why do you ask?"

"I'm imagining things," I laughed, "I would have sworn I saw her right here in Germandale not

five minutes ago. Just forget it; it's probably that Polish sausage sandwich I had for dinner."

The incident bothered me for days. I even thought I saw a sly smile on the pretty face of the girl Bobbie and I determined to find out more about her background and family.

I went directly to the head of the institution and asked to see her private file. He knew my real purpose for being there, of course, and he relinquished it with the proviso that I examine it in his office.

Bobbie had been committed to the training school because of her rebellion against parental and educational authority. She also had been caught performing cunnilingus upon a classmate in the school wash-room. The notation by the examining physician here at the training school stated that she seemed to have a non-visual physical deformity and lesbian tendencies.

Her family consisted of her mother and father and a twin brother. All appeared well adjusted and disturbed with Bobbie's behavior.

Well, I had been right about the girl but lesbians cannot impregnate other girls. I was really no further along than I had been in finding the devious penis.

The following Wednesday night I was again out snooping after midnight. It was cloudy and very dark when I came to the crosswalk so I didn't see my attacker. Whoever it was struck me from behind and I went out like a light.

When I came to, I was tied loosely and in some sort of a closet. The door had been left open a crack and I had a very limited field of vision into another room. What I was looking at was a daybed of the type used in the dorms, along with the lower extremities of two people who were engaged in sexual intercourse.

"Oh, no, not again," I told myself beneath my gag. The culprit was not only a statutory rapist but an exhibitionist as well. He had purposely placed me so that I could watch him fornicate with one of the girls. He was smart enough to conceal both of their identities however.

I was forced to watch. Either that or close my eyes and miss an opportunity of exposing him. I watched.

He was evidently tall and well built. His buttocks as they rose and fell slowly were lean and muscular. His penis was extremely well developed and he used the entire length in the vagina of the excited, squealing girl. There were no unusual scars or birthmarks visible and I knew that he could be any member of the community of Germandale or Paris, France. Other than being hairy and wrinkled, his testicles were nothing out of the ordinary.

The girl's feet rose up and over his back and the culprit took the opportunity to penetrate her to the testicles in short, hard strokes. The girl moaned with excitement and her hips rose up as she twisted and struggled into her spasm. If she knew that I was an observer, it quite evidently didn't worry her a bit.

The man's lower body became very agitated and he increased the thrust and tempo of his movements, raising his knotted buttocks in a rolling motion.

"No, you . . . promised . . . you wouldn't," a girl's muffled voice exclaimed in sudden alarm.

I hung onto her words desperately, trying to place her voice. Something about it was oddly familiar but I just couldn't place it. Whoever had made the plea quickly realized the futility of it; the man drove his penis into her and froze, groaning and jerking wildly as he ejaculated.

The girl evidently tried to push him away

immediately but he lay full upon her until his buttocks ceased their irregular movements. When he withdrew his long, slim penis, it was flaccid and dripping.

My heart beat quickly as he slid off the bed. I heard him coming toward the door of the closet and wondered what he had in store for me. I needn't have worried; all he did was to close the door in my face and I was left in total darkness.

Time stood still until I managed to free myself. It was after three o'clock when I returned to my room, angry and determined to find the identity of the moron.

The next morning I began in earnest to exercise my power of thought. I had noted both of the dates when I had viewed his sexual exploits. Both fell on the two visiting days allowed during any one week. If the two previous appearances had anything to do with his method of operation, the following Saturday night should see him at work again.

As I compiled my notes on the situation, a germ of an idea began to grow in my mind. The more I studied the possibilities, the more certain I became that I was on the right track.

Precise records are kept of the inmate's visitors. I went to the administration offices and examined the file of each girl in my dorm for the previous six months. When I had finished I felt I had the answer to the puzzle.

Being on hand as each visitor entered the grounds was my sole activity the following Saturday. It wasn't hard to see who was visiting each girl under my supervision; a reception area was there for them to meet. As the last of the visitors arrived, I knew that I had my answer as to the identity of the busy penis.

The girls and their relatives were allowed to

circulate freely on the extensive grounds, much like they do at a university. The guests could also visit the quarters of the girls, as well as the mess hall. The training school was more of a psychological prison than one of walls and bars.

Nine o'clock came and the last of the visitors left. I hurried back to my office and sat waiting for the telephone call I knew must come. In approximately seven minutes the school security head, Miss Agnes, called me and verified my suspicions.

The next step was as simple as the first. I merely watched as the girls left for their rooms one by one, presumably to retire for the night. After that, I concealed myself in a broom closet and watched one door in particular.

Thirty minutes went by and the building settled down to a dead silence. After-hours lighting went into effect and only a single bulb burned in each section of the dormitory hallways.

My culprit came out of her room slowly and cautiously, studying each end of the hall carefully before emerging. I watched as the moron darted a few feet to the linen pantry and entered. Still sitting motionless, I waited until the buxom blonde, Lynda, slipped from her room and entered the linen closet also.

The time had come to disclose the identity of the bold intruder. I ran silently to my office and called the head of security who was standing by, awaiting my summons. Moments later, two muscular matrons and an armed deputy from the sheriff's office joined me.

In spite of the short time that had passed, his rigid penis was already buried in Lynda's vagina when the deputy drove his shoulder into the locked door. The action was so rapid that his lean, muscular buttocks were still rising and falling

strongly as he pistoned the completely spread and panting naked girl.

True to his devil's nature, Bobbie's twin brother kept right on screwing as we stood there watching. The deputy had to bodily lift him from his prize and his penis was still rigid and throbbing when he was led away to jail.

Of course the setup had been perfect for the two perverted twins. Bobbie merely changed places with her brother when he came to visit. He stayed on the premises during the interim between alternate visiting days and Bobbie took his place in society. During the period he played the part of his sister, the moron seduced the more than willing delinquents in the school.

That evening, when the visitors had left, the sheriff's police had apprehended Bobbie when she had left the premises dressed as her twin. After a quick examination, the law enforcement officers had notified the security office at the training school that my assumption had been right. All we had to do then was to wait for her brother to go into action. Then he was taken into custody.

Bobbie had very apparent masculine tendencies; that had been brought out during her earlier delinquency. She was a lesbian and engaged in lesbian practices with the girls at the school. It was no surprise to anyone to find that her twin brother was equally distorted, both mentally and physically.

The security department and the sheriff's office invited me to be present when the young man was questioned and given a physical examination. It was found that he was an hermaphrodite but one who possessed normal male sex organs. The physical departure was his upper torso. His shoulders, neck, facial structure and breasts were absolutely feminine. He was a mirror image of his

lovely sister,* Bobbie, from the waist up. His sex drive, however, was insatiable, and quite unusual was the fact that he was virile. His sperm was healthy and exceedingly active, just as in any normal young man his age.

Before I closed my file and left the place, I had a final meeting and conversation with the blonde nymph, Lynda.

"Well, the first time I was with her brother I thought he was Bobbie. Sometimes Bobbie and I would have a romp in the hay; lesbian stuff to have an orgasm, you know.

"I thought it was funny when he suggested we go to the linen room to play around. Of course there were three other girls in the room but I didn't think they would have heard us in the dark. Prior to that night Bobbie and I had sucked each other off and nobody knew the difference.

"Well, in the linen room he insisted we keep the light off. Remember, I still thought he was Bobbie. He made me lay down on the towel rack and then he did it to me with his tongue, just like Bobbie always did. Imagine my surprise when he got between my legs and shoved that long prick up me!

"I hadn't had any since being sent to this hole and when he rammed me I didn't care who he was! I went off twice in the first five minutes. It took him two hours to satisfy me the first night and during that time he let me in on the switch with his sister.

"I thought it was great! When I screwed him it was just like screwing the judge, my parents and the whole damned state but in a different way of course. The only thing that worried me is that he wouldn't use a rubber or pull it out. He always laughed and shot his spunk in me as far as he could get it.

"He really went after Carolyn and she got

pregnant. We used to worry because you could hear her squealing clear out in the hall. She must have been some piece of ass for him; he banged her for three weeks straight and wouldn't give the rest of us any during that time.

"He fucked every girl in this wing and probably some in the other wings. He especially liked the redhead, Rhonda, and he was after her all the time after Carolyn left, but she was too smart for him. She'd let him blow her but that was all," the girl concluded.

So ended the case of the two unfortunate perverts whom I like to call the Devil's Spawn. Bobbie is still at the school undergoing psychiatric treatment, and her brother has been committed to a hospital for study and treatment.

The matrons at the training school are watching the periods of all the girls. It's either that or build a maternity ward and hope for the best. I've a hunch that the total damage won't be determined for nine months at least.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Bob Dylan: *THE CASE OF THE FAMILY CURSE*

My trip to England was supposed to have been a vacation. During those six weeks, however, I became engrossed in one of the most fascinating cases of human behavior that I ever hope to encounter.

Elfin-On-Cree is a widespread rural community boasting a family of blue-bloods and an honest to goodness haunted castle. The old building sprawls on a hilltop some six miles from the town square, and the first time I saw it I thought that it was the same castle used in the filming of the movie "Dracula." It wasn't but it could very well have been.

Professor Fisher, a member of the Royal Academy of Psychosomatic Behavior, introduced me to the family and the castle itself. A formal dinner was to be held in honor of the head of the family, Baron Alfred Dreyfuss, and I won an invitation.

At this time I think I should point out that all the royal families of Europe have intermarried so often that relationships have become utterly confused. Throughout the centuries cousins married cousins and national loyalties could not be determined by the family name. Although Dreyfuss is a German name, the old baron was as English as kippers.

A look at the Dreyfuss background is also pertinent to the story. In 1590, Manfred Dreyfuss was hanged for raping and mutilating his

step-daughter in Munich. The girl was only twelve at the time. Manfred has been described in the family album as a "physical monstrosity."

During the Battle of Waterloo, Alfred Dreyfuss hired out to the French and won himself the highest of French honors. He was later shot in a pub in Manchester because he had made advances to a muscular and masculine Norwegian skipper who happened to be partial to girls. Alfred was as queer as a three-dollar bill.

Richard Dreyfuss became a brigadier in the Boer War and led his troops to quite a few victories in South Africa. He returned to England with a good bit of loot stolen from the diamond mines and replenished the dwindling family coffers. He also impregnated five of the housemaids and kept his wife in an uproar. He finally was found hanging in the bell-tower on a windy night. That bell still swings during the dark of the moon, wind or no wind.

During World War One, two Dreyfuss brothers fought against one another at the Battle of the Marne. One had been raised by German royalty and the other by the House of Dreyfuss at Elfin-On-Cree. Both lived out the balance of their lives in mental institutions but not before begetting another generation of their kind.

The list of male family members is endless. I have only recapped a few to give the reader some idea of the evil which seems to follow the family Dreyfuss. Before meeting the present crop, I wondered what lay in store for our hosts in the future.

I studied them all as we sat in the long, drafty dining hall of the castle. There was old Alfred, wrinkled and hunched as befitted his century of life. His body was warped and twisted with the years, and he looked at each member of the family

as if he hated the sight of them.

Alfred's third wife had long ago given up her ghost. However, there was Jonathon, his son and heir to the family fortune. Now past seventy, Jonathon looked as if he would die before his aged father; I'd never seen skin as yellow as his and I figured him for an advanced case of liver trouble.

Next at the dinner table came Jonathon's daughter-in-law. Patricia Dreyfuss was about forty and as beautiful as they come. Her hair was natural blonde and I could detect nothing of the gray as yet. She also retained a figure that would hold the eye of any man.

Seated next to Patricia was Jenny Dreyfuss, her daughter. Jenny was as tall as her mother but her hair was almost blue black, complimenting her eyes which were dark and alert. Her nose was straight and prominent but somehow it added to the peculiar beauty of her face. Jenny's body appeared almost boyish when compared to that of her mother.

Next came two ancient spinsters who proved to be distant cousins. The antiquity of their dress and manner added a sense of dusty time to the gathering. It was almost as if the family had retained an unbroken succession from the beginning to the present. Coupled with the still used lamps of the seventeenth century, their presence in the drafty stone hall filled me with a sense of dramatic suspense. I actually contemplated the possibility of there being arsenic in the dinner soup.

At the opposite end of the table from the aged Baron Alfred Dreyfuss sat his great-grandson, Henri. This young man appeared to be about twenty-four or twenty-five and was the sole survivor of the union between Jonathon's brother, Karl, and Maxine Dreyfuss of the Austrian branch

of the family. Henri's mother and father had been first cousins and both had perished in a suicide pact when it was learned that Karl had become an increasingly dangerous psychotic. After their death, Baron Dreyfuss had brought Henri to Elfin-On-Cree and raised him as his own.

Henri appeared to be almost feminine in appearance and manner. Adapting the modern hippie style, he wore his hair shoulder length. Because of the fine texture of his skin and the regularity of his facial features one had to look twice to determine his true sex. He also wore a shirt with cuffed, lacy sleeves, and trousers that were skin tight.

During the course of the dinner the conversation turned to the ancient curse which had been placed upon the family in the fifteenth century. It appeared that Baron Rudolph Dreyfuss had placed the area under tight military control and proceeded upon a program of rape and pillage of the countryside. During one of his more daring excursions he had kidnapped the daughter of the chief of a roving band of gypsies and secluded her in the castle.

"He was a fool! With the whole countryside to choose from, why did he wish to fornicate with the offspring of people who dabble in the black arts?" the aged Alfred spat out from the head of the table between spoonfuls of soup.

"You surely don't believe those old superstitions do you Baron?" Professor Fisher asked, smiling benevolently at the old man.

Baron Dreyfuss stopped spooning and peered intently at his questioner. "Professor, you of all people know of the strange and unusual demises which have followed the heads of the family Dreyfuss. Do you mean you set no store in the gypsy curse?"

"No, I don't. Every family has lingering illnesses and violent deaths but a precise record isn't kept of each generation. I'll venture that the history of this family is little different than the average Englishman on the street," the Professor replied stoutly.

"Hogwash, blarney!" the old man snorted, returning to his soup with gusto, "I think that you've closed your eyes to the facts that you so patiently compiled. The best argument for me to give you is to tell you to use your eyes and look about you!"

"Well, you're still very much with us, and so is Jonathon," the Professor laughed, pointing at each of them with his spoon.

The old man laughed and so did the yellowed heir to the family throne.

"Death takes many forms and we've both been bloody well dead for years," Jonathon replied quietly, not bothering to look up as he joined the conversation.

I shifted uncomfortably. I was fascinated and yet repelled by what could turn out to be the revealing of secrets of a personal nature. I would rather have heard them from Professor Fisher in private.

"I wonder if I might take a tour of the castle during my stay? These lovely old places have always intrigued me," I asked timidly, injecting myself into the conversation with an apologetic manner.

At my question, everyone present looked at the aged Baron. I realized that despite his centurian tenure he was still very much the ruler of his domain.

"You're ruddy well welcome to dig about all you like. The Professor is engaged in mucking about in the burial tombs down below. You might

like to try your hand at unearthing our ancestral monstrosities," the old man replied, chuckling as he speared a piece of fried chicken.

Satisfied that I had forestalled ugly personal revelations in the conversation, I turned back to the excellent meal. I was confident that my friend, Professor Fisher, would brief me as we examined his project in the tombs.

The next day proved to be one of the most interesting of my young life. Not only did I see the family burial vault with all of its occupants but a newly discovered secret room as well.

"I found this place about a year ago, Bob," Professor Fisher said in a low voice as he flashed his light into a pitch black cavern adjacent to the main grotto. "Notice the paintings on the wall; I think that here we have the family history from the eleventh century to the present."

I stood in startled surprise as I looked at the long stone wall which seemed to reach into infinity under the beam of his flashlight. Figures seemed to leap at me from out of the past, and all of them were sketched and painted in the nude.

"You seem to have experienced the same feelings as I did at first glance," the Professor chuckled, his voice hollow and eerie in the stone room.

"How strange and abnormal," I breathed, walking closer and studying them intently.

"Start at the beginning, here at this end," Professor Fisher urged, taking me by the arm and pulling me to the right.

The first sketch was almost childish in effort and makeup. It portrayed the figure of a kneeling man performing fellatio upon another man wearing a crown. The penises of both figures were childishly exaggerated and were completely rigid.

"I would say that the illustration is meant to

imply that the first of the Dreyfuss family kissed the ruling king's ass to improve his power and holdings, wouldn't you?" Professor Fisher asked.

"Taken literally it might mean that the first Dreyfuss was a homosexual," I replied, wondering how the delicate dyes outlining the etching had survived the centuries.

"True. I suppose homosexuals are capable of having families, but I think the more accurate explanation would be a symbolic surrender to political demands.

"Look at this drawing now. Here we have a large bearded man fornicating with what appears to be a mere child. Notice the very small breasts and the absence of pubic hair. This man wears a crown also and appears to have been the same ruler that appears in the first example," the Professor murmured, directing the beam of light full upon the scene. "Hello! I didn't notice this before. It seems that there's another nude man watching the sex act," he added.

"What is that yellow dot on the shoulders of the child and the watching man?" I asked, curious and fascinated.

"It's on the kneeling man in the first example also. I think it indicates Dreyfuss family members. If that is true, the child was probably the daughter of the first Dreyfuss and was given as a virgin to the king for his political favors," the Professor replied, nodding his head with an air of certainty.

As I studied the first two drawings, I found myself agreeing with my friend's analysis of this ancient history. "Real nice guy, that ancestor of the Baron's. He peddles his daughter's maidenhead for a piece of land," I grunted.

The Professor laughed. "My boy, you have much to learn. Some men have sold their mothers for much less. Let's move on. This next sketch is a

bloody lulu! See if you can make sense out of it.”

I studied the scene which unfolded on the wall. The first grouping portrayed a huge man with a yellow dot on his shoulder holding a girl by the hair. The figure's other hand held a sword from which blood dripped in large red drops. The penis of the figure was again completely rigid. Included in the scene were other naked men with weapons, some leaning over bodies on the ground.

The second grouping portrayed the man dragging the girl into what was quite apparently the very castle in which we stood. Also in the scene was the bloody figure of a man shaking a fist at the retreating kidnapper. Above the heads of all of them was what appeared to be a black cloud and a bolt of lightning.

“That's the Dreyfuss who abducted the gypsy girl and brought down the curse from her father. See the cloud and the bolt of lightning?” Professor Fisher asked, his voice tense with excitement.

“I agree,” I exclaimed. “In the next phase of the grouping he's raping her!”

We studied the erotic details of the seduction closely. The dyes remained bright and the figures were perfectly exposed. The unknown and ancient artist had skillfully executed his illustration so that the rapist had driven his exaggerated penis into the captive's vagina to the root. The face of the female figure displayed fear and pain, and a drop of blood here and there proclaimed to the world that she had been a virgin. The naked power and virility of the man were brought out sharply in the knotted muscles of his widespread thighs and tensed buttocks.

“The next drawing is interesting and revealing; take a close look at this one and tell me your

reactions," the Professor urged, pulling me a bit farther along.

This painting was of a naked man holding an infant by the heels. At the same time, he was driving his sword through the reclining figure of the mother who had a knife in her hand. I caught my breath at the vividness of the frozen moment and stood dazed by the implications.

"The infant has a yellow dot on its shoulder. This must have been the result of the continual rape of the girl. He killed her after the child was born, but why?" I exclaimed.

"She tried to kill her own child, either through shame or hatred for the father," Professor Fisher said, his voice suggestive rather than positive.

"I believe you're right. That means that the next generation of the family came about through evil and lust," I murmured, still fascinated by the painted history.

"One of the next generation," the Professor corrected. "I'll wager that old boy jazzed everything in sight. That is until the curse caught up with him. Look at the next grouping."

The painting depicted a naked man with a rigid penis being pulled down by a pack of wolves or wild dogs. The drawing was a closeup and the animal's teeth were tearing his testicles, bowels and throat to shreds. The look of horror on the man's face was still a living thing even after six centuries. Far off in the distance was the tiny figure of a man shaking his fist. At the top a lightning bolt had been painted.

"Amazing," I murmured, determined that I would have color photographs of the wall for my journal before I left the area.

"Look at this next one. Here we have the naked figure of another Dreyfuss who appears to have had the penis of a man but the breasts of a woman.

Here he is engaged in fornication with an animal, a deer," Professor Fisher pointed out, directing the beam of the flashlight to the next grouping.

I studied the illustration closely. Without doubt that member of that generation of the family Dreyfuss had indeed been an hermaphrodite. There was no explanation for the painting. It seemed that the curse was still at work because the next grouping depicted the unfortunate creature disemboweling itself with a curved hand sword.

Professor Fisher and I slowly worked our way down the room. As we moved and studied the history of rape, murder, incest, bestiality, homosexuality and hermaphroditism, I realized that the dyes were becoming brighter and brighter to the eye. It seemed that each generation had produced a member versed and talented in the art of sketching, drawing or painting. Another fact became apparent as I realized that I had failed to view a single illustration which could have been interpreted as normal.

"It looks as if the Baron was right; the whole family appears to have been schizophrenic or afflicted with abnormal egos due to some unknown factor. Do you suppose it is the curse?" I asked, shaking my befuddled head.

"Every generation can't be represented here, there isn't enough room. What is represented are the generations that had one or more members who suffered abnormalities or who died violent deaths. It's almost as if the family is fascinated by the tale of the curse and want to keep it alive. It has helped in keeping them socially desirable and above the masses of those who claim blue blood lineage," the professor replied, chuckling and shaking his head.

"This final painting; it looks fresh. Is it the previous generation or this one?" I exclaimed,

running my fingers over the figures in the grouping.

"I've been wondering about that, Bob. It must have been the present Baron's grandparents. I don't think he even knows that this room exists. I've certainly told none of the present generations about it. Let them find it for themselves. It's much too personal to reveal."

"The first two figures in this grouping; they seem to be two naked girls. Note the hanging breasts on the one above and the long hair on the heads of both. The one above is between the thighs of the other and seems to be massaging the clitoris of the bottom girl. Lesbians often do that to one another. That must be the explanation. If the bottom figure was that of a man the penis couldn't be easily inserted in that position," I remarked, trying to interpret the scene correctly.

"Yes, they could only be fornicating if the figure above was a male. That obviously isn't the case so it must have been two female family members. I wonder if that was the two spinster cousins when they were very young?" Professor Fisher asked, his voice a devilish chuckle.

I studied the face of the two figures closely, a strange feeling running over me. Something had caught my attention that I couldn't put my finger on and I wondered what it was.

The professor interrupted my thinking once again. "All of the drawings and paintings have one thing in common; those depicting scenes here in the castle. Have you noticed that stone platform where all of the sex acts seem to have been consummated?" he asked.

"Yes, I have. It's been used almost like a sacrificial stone," I replied, wondering what he was getting at.

He turned around, crooking his finger in a signal to follow him. We walked to the far end of the wall

and turned to the left. There stood the very stone depicted in each sketch and painting.

It was a small room, complete with an old, unused fireplace and an old iron pot similar to those used by witches of old in the mixing of their secret potions and charms.

"The crowning touch," I exclaimed happily, clapping to show my appreciation for my friend's timing and showmanship.

"I thought you'd like it, Bob. There's probably been enough semen drawn from the male members of the family Dreyfuss there on that stone to float the Queen Mary. Just think of all the orgasms, both male and female, that these old walls have witnessed. That is if we can believe the tales told by the paintings," he chuckled.

"They've witnessed more abnormal sex than anything. I'd sure like to hear them speak," I agreed, wondering why there was no dust on the stone pallet itself. It looked as if it had been swept only yesterday as I ran my hand over it.

"Everything else in here shows the dust of the centuries and yet this sex altar is as clean as a new pin. Have you dusted it for some reason?" I asked, curious.

"By Jove, you're right! No, I haven't touched it," he exclaimed, delighted interest in his voice as he too examined the phenomenon. "By Jove!" he exclaimed again.

"Some member or members of the present generation may not be as ignorant of the existence of this grotto as you think. I'll bet old Alfred knows it's here for one. He's surely got a blueprint or drawing of the castle that's in the family Bible or somewhere."

Professor Fisher chuckled to himself again. "At least it's improbable that it's still being used for the sex act. Everyone upstairs is either too old or too

modern to commit rape or mayhem."

"I disagree," I countered, thinking of Patricia, Jenny and Henri. I had a hunch any of the three could generate a good deal of lust.

Before the Professor and I left the lower level of the old castle, I insisted on a final look at the latest of the paintings. I would have given a month's pay to have been able to determine their age but without a detailed analysis by experts that was impossible. Something about the naked scene and the faces of the two figures eluded me. I was pretty sure, however, that the old gypsy's curse still was influential in the present and future of the family Dreyfuss.

That evening I stood by the window in my room at the Horsehead Inn and looked up the hill. A full moon rode high in the sky, outlining the black ramparts of the old castle, and I wondered what was happening in the catacombs where the dust covered all except the stone pallet of lust and evil. Few things in my life had ever fascinated me more than the family curse of the long dead gypsy. Could such a thing possibly be? If so, no generation would escape. That included the present in the persons of Alfred, Jonathon and Henry Dreyfuss. Were the devils of the past loose among them?

I became a daily visitor to the castle the next few days. Professor Fisher and I copied or photographed both the wall and the inscriptions on the burial vaults. It was on one such project that we found the cracked and broken resting place of the Dreyfuss who had brought down the curse.

"Let's have a look at the remains of the old boy. His bones should show the teeth marks of the animals if he was pulled down by a dog or wolf pack. It will give us some indication as to the accuracy of the wall scenes," Professor Fisher

suggested, looking at me for agreement.

"Well, the vault can be opened. It looks as if there's been an earth tremor here that broke it all to hell. The old guy doesn't seem to have rested very well since his painful demise so we may as well disturb him a little more," I agreed, feeling a small chill steal down my spine.

To our surprise, the vault held an inner casket of hardwood. It seemed to be in excellent condition except for the area near the foot where rot had begun its work. The inner walls of the vault also revealed paintings that looked as if they had been created yesterday.

"Here's more of his story," I breathed, eagerly scanning the figure groupings.

"Look at the faces on these figures; you can see the family resemblance to the present generations. It looks as if he had three daughters and screwed every one of them. If you'll notice the shoulders of the girls you'll see the yellow dot on each one," the Professor said, disgust mirrored in his voice.

"This first grouping depicts him with his penis in a girl or woman without the family mark. He evidently married after he killed the gypsy girl. Either that or he took another mate by force. Two of the three girls with the mark were probably born of that union and the third is the child of the gypsy."

The Professor and I carefully lifted the wooden casket from the stone vault in order to examine the inside bottom of the latter. The floor of the vault was one huge scene of lust and degradation.

"This guy was quite a character. Here are scenes of sodomy with both males and females. It may have been the artist's style of rendition but all of his victims look like mere boys and girls to me. What impression do you get?" Professor Fisher asked.

"I think he liked to initiate the young. Remember the gypsy child whose father placed the curse on his head," I chuckled, finding myself unable to give the long deceased Dreyfuss the benefit of the doubt.

After photographing the inside of the vault with a color camera, the Professor and I turned to the casket itself. A tool from his work chest sufficed to work the lid free of the nails without splitting or damaging the fine old wood. Before us rested the bones of the moron himself.

"He was tall for a man of that era, at least six feet I think," the Professor murmured, examining the brittle leg bones of the skeleton carefully.

"There are the teeth marks," I exclaimed suddenly, pointing to the forearm and shoulder bones. "Look at the size of the indentations!"

Professor Fisher took a magnifying glass from his pocket and studied them closely. "He met a wolf pack on the moors. In those days there were a lot of them and during a bad winter they would attack any living thing. Here are more near the hip joint," he said, pointing to the damage with his pen.

The feet of the skeleton were buried in dust at least three inches deep. The dry material had evidently filtered in through the rupture in the outer vault. After sifting it with my hand, I found a stone phallic symbol.

It was an exact replica of an adult penis of monstrous size. The object proved to be thirteen inches in length upon measurement, and the workmanship was flawless. Its perfection was so complete that the drawn-back foreskin was utterly lifelike, along with the slit in the glans penis or head. Attached were stone replicas of the testicles.

"Months of work went into fashioning that thing," I told the Professor as we sat studying it

closely.

"Yes, I wonder if it was made before his demise or after? I'll bet it's a cast made during an erection because of the weight of the thing. Notice how light it is?"

I hefted it thoughtfully. "You mean you think it's hollow?"

"Yes. They had mastered the art of masonry even as early as that. Remember the Roman death masks that have been found?"

"If his prick was that large he was most unusual. Look at his shoulders, though; he was a big-boned bastard," I replied, nodding at the size of the bones in the casket. "I wonder who put it in his grave and why?"

"Probably some brokenhearted female who liked what he did to her, I suppose. She couldn't hope to find another one like that," Professor Fisher laughed.

The skull lay laughing at our efforts to unravel his exotic past and I reached into the casket and closed his gaping jaws. The still highly polished teeth snapped together in a perfect fit. Dentists would have made a poor living in those days.

We fastened the lid back on the casket and replaced it in the vault.

"That's funny. If an earth tremor cracked his overcoat why didn't it crack the area around it?" the Professor asked suddenly.

"I think the gypsy was making sure he didn't get a good rest in the hereafter," I replied, coming up with the only answer I had for his question.

We stood uncertainly after that. Both of us wanted to continue the investigation of this most unusual of families but it was a question of what to do next.

"Let's have a look at the burial vaults and remains of one of the most recent ancestors. I'm

wondering how deep this obsession goes," I suggested, walking to the area near the end of the catacomb where the stone appeared to be much cleaner.

"Here's young Manfred. He was found dead in the library one morning for no apparent reason. That was in 1924," the Professor said, beginning to break the seal around the top of the vault.

The lid was heavy and bulky. Both of us panted for breath as we eased it down alongside the wall and I hoped that we could again put it in place when we were through.

The inner casket was of bronze and held in place by metal bolts. The Professor cursed softly at the work to be done and returned to his work box for a large screwdriver. It was several minutes before we received the shock of our lives.

Young Manfred wasn't a boy and neither was he a girl. He was both, a true hermaphrodite. He had also been buried completely naked and the body was perfectly preserved in the dry atmosphere. On his right shoulder was a single yellow dot of paint. His face still expressed shock, horror and exquisite pain.

"Good God," Professor Fisher whispered, his face pale and drawn as he gazed at the cadaver. "Look at the breasts!"

The Professor had reason to be shocked. The girlish breasts bore the marks of sharp pointed teeth which had undoubtedly brought the blood before he had died. The same teeth marks were apparent upon the flesh of the stomach and the small, childlike penis which lay turned back above the readily apparent vagina.

It was the genital area which was so shocking. A normal sized plaster replica of a rigid penis had been driven into the female sex organ. It still stood tilted upward between the thighs.

"My God, someone completely insane did that,

and after the burial too. There's the burial garments pushed down between the casket and the vault," Professor Fisher breathed, his hand trembling as he pointed out the dusty material.

"The teeth marks were made before death. Look at the tiny scars all over the body. Biting Manfred was a regular occurrence while he lived. Someone had been doing that while making love to the poor creature," I said, putting my finger on each tiny scar.

We examined the vault and the casket but found no more drawings or paintings. Evidently that generation boasted no one who was artistically inclined, except for the sculptured penis.

"I'll be willing to bet that that phallic reproduction is also a cast of the prick of the culprit," Professor Fisher said, drawing the object from the long dead vagina and holding it in the beam of his flashlight.

"If the character who did that is still living, he'd be of a very advanced age," I ventured cautiously. "That's an adult penis for sure."

He placed the phallic symbol at the feet of the hermaphrodite and we again sealed the casket as before. The last thing we both gazed at was the look of horror upon the face.

"I wonder what killed him?" Professor Fisher asked, his voice subdued and thoughtful.

"I think he was frightened to death," I answered, realizing how unlikely my theory was.

"What makes you say that?"

In answer, I pointed to the back of the niche near the vault. A single white line in the shape of a bolt of lightning had been placed so as to be directed at the head of the casket. Other than the phallic symbol, it was the single artistic rendering surrounding the death of Manfred.

That night at the inn I was tormented with the

desire to delve deeper into the history of the family Dreyfuss. Professor Fisher had gone up to London for the weekend and upon his return my visit would be almost over. I decided to make an excursion on my own. After all, the Baron had invited me to explore to my heart's content.

I went up the hill under the full moon, feeling like something out of Frankenstein or Dracula. How ghoulish can a fellow get? It was, after all, after eleven in the evening but the darkness made no difference. It was pitch black in the catacombs anyway.

I had worn my thick soled sneakers and I made little sound if any. I had worn them intentionally, not wanting to awaken sleeping monsters. I could also run faster in them.

I was in the burial grotto when I saw the pale radiance coming from the hidden room. My knees started to shake and I almost ran out of the place in fright. I am, without doubt, a physical coward and quite readily admit it. This time I held my ground.

With my heart thundering I made my way to the end of the room of the paintings. Before I moved to where I could see the interior and the evil sex-altar, I stopped and literally forced my breathing to become liveable and manageable. It wasn't easy.

I saw the lantern first. It was the old fashioned type and the light flickered and twisted uneasily, throwing shadows on the stone walls. I suddenly wondered why there was no odor of burning oil. That illustrates the condition of my mind at the time. Someone could have been experiencing rape or murder in the alcove and there I was wondering why I wasn't smelling an oil lamp.

Two naked bodies were in the room all right. One lying spread on the altar and the other

standing poised with a long, rigid penis at the ready. I knew that I had arrived just in time to view the sex act.

It was the identity of the two young people that shocked me. Don't misunderstand me; it wasn't the names of the two people. I knew them as Jenny and Henri Dreyfuss, a girl and a boy, but their identities were false.

It was Henri who reclined on the altar with his thighs spread for the penis of Jenny. Henri had an apparently well developed and well used vagina just below the tiny penis that sprang from his pubic hair. His bare upper torso was smooth and feminine but without girlish breasts.

Jenny, on the other hand, had lemon-like breasts and the slim neck and rounded shoulders of a beautiful woman. Her lean buttocks and muscular thighs belonged to a young adult male, however, as did the eight-inch penis and heavy testicles between her loins.

The long hair and lovely facial features of both bore an amazing resemblance in the flickering light of the lantern. The two also were almost perfect models for the last of the scenes on the wall beside me. I wondered which had painted them.

"These male hormones I got in London really do the trick," the hermaphrodite I knew as Jenny whispered as she worked her penis into Henri's vagina with slow, deft thrusts.

"Oh, that feels so good," Henri replied, his voice a soft whisper of feminine desire and love.

"I wish we could fuck upstairs in bed but old Alfred would suspect, just as he always does," Jenny whispered, beginning to piston slowly.

"I'd rather do it here, where it's always been done... I feel less weird..." Henri panted, writhing and twisting under the thrusts of his lover.

The two were quiet then as they melted together in the supreme act of love. Jenny's penis worked its way in to the root and Henri held her breasts clasped in his long, slender fingers. Their mouths came together and low moans escaped them as I watched, breathless. I wondered if either could experience an orgasm and soon found that they could.

"Hurry, sweetheart, I'm coming," Jenny gasped presently, driving her lean, boyish buttocks quickly as she spread her thighs.

"Go . . . ahead . . . I'm . . . not . . . ready," Henry whispered, wrapping his legs around her back as she drew the cheeks of her buttocks together experiencing her orgasm. As I watched her frozen but surging cheeks I wondered if she was ejaculating virile semen into the vagina of the hermaphrodite and I wondered if Henri could possibly conceive. As I remembered the long history of the family Dreyfuss I thought that that was probably the case. Other than the lack of breasts and the useless and atrophied penis, Henri was the female of the two. Except for the girlish breasts and feminine upper torso, Jenny was completely male. I wondered what sort of monstrosity the child would be if it was born. The curse of the long dead gypsy father was being perpetuated through the generations as time went by.

I watched the two unusual hermaphrodites lay entwined, kissing and fondling until the lust of Jenny could renew itself. The flaccid penis again stiffened and was placed in Henri's vagina as before.

The second bout was more satisfactory for both. Jenny had evidently removed the sense of urgency with her first climax and she now pistoned Henri until he experienced two orgasms in a row.

Both of their bodies were flushed and straining, and they appeared to experience the same exquisite pleasure as individuals of true sex.

If either gave any thought to the possibility of Henri becoming pregnant they didn't display it. Jenny appeared to ejaculate a second and third time in Henri's vagina with complete freedom of worry of the consequences. I realized that if they were in love, they probably desired a child.

Jenny's sexual prowess seemed to last forever. Only a few minutes would elapse between the time of orgasm and ejaculation and renewed rigidity. Jenny took Henri no less than five times in the two hours that I witnessed their erotic sexual activity. Both seemed to be completely engrossed in the pleasure of the other and I doubted that they would have changed the physical situation under any circumstances. Both had reached a desirable emotional plateau in their relationship with each other and the history of the family Dreyfuss.

I slipped away while they were still locked together. Their naked bodies were still thrusting and straining and I knew that there was no more to be seen which would throw further light on my research.

The next Monday morning I called on Professor Fisher and told him what I had seen. He expressed shock and dismay because he was a friend of the family. As a professional in human behavior he also realized the futility of disclosing the situation to anyone. Both of the young people involved were of age and accountable to their own desires. The situation was better left alone. Disclosure could only bring heartbreak and unhappiness to a family that had already lived and suffered four centuries of a curse.

As I entered the case in my journal I wondered whether old Baron Alfred Dreyfuss, the present

ruler of the clan, knew about the room of the paintings and the altar of evil lust. I also wondered if he had been the one in love with young Manfred and had driven the cast of his penis up the hermaphrodite's vagina in that long-gone year of 1924?

No one will ever know but old Alfred had laughed and agreed with his son when Jonathon had said that there were many ways to die.

As I study the people around me as time goes by, I am forced to agree. A long dead gypsy had seen to that.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Janet Kling: *THE CASE OF THE MISSING VAGINA*

Marriages are supposedly made in heaven but there are cases of a few having been made in hell. I call a particular union The Case of the Missing Vagina.

While studying in Vienna in 1965, I came across the documentation of a situation which existed in Budapest in 1961. Although the entire history is taken from medical files, I brought it back with me as a reference point in my post-graduate activities. One can never be sure that a similar case won't arise here at home.

Marriages in Hungary are sometimes decided upon by the parents of the young people. Love has little or nothing to do with the union. In the rural areas especially, economic values are more important. That was the case in this particular instance.

I'll refer to the bride in the case as Carmen Dublinka. She was the sole survivor of a family who were executed by the Germans as they retreated before the Russians during World War Two. Carmen became a ward of the state and was raised in an orphanage just outside of Budapest.

As the years passed and order was restored, it was found that the girl had become the heir to a fair number of acres of valuable land. An elderly uncle was found who was appointed her guardian. Together, they went to live off the inherited estate. At that time, Carmen had just celebrated her sixteenth birthday.

The life history of the girl was confused to say the least. She had no memory of her parents or other relatives because she had been an infant when they had been taken away. The day it happened she had been left with a neighbor while her parents appeared at Gestapo headquarters as ordered. They never returned and the kindly neighbor had hurried the child to a Catholic orphanage for safekeeping.

In those days all was uncertain. Retreating German troops and the advancing Russians confiscated everything in sight: food, medical supplies, clothing and anything else of value. Ordinary civilians, both male and female, dropped from sight without a trace.

The reconstruction days following the capitulation of Germany weren't much better. Food and medical care were almost non-existent. In the orphanage the children were secluded and rigidly disciplined, the emphasis being placed on their assurance of life after death rather than this one. They grew up pretty much on their own because few people could afford the luxury of an adoption.

Carmen was a quiet girl, according to the sisters who administered the orphanage.

"Most of the sisters who were there the first three years of her life were scattered when the fighting ceased. After 1947 I know of only one who remained of the original group. Carmen was almost four when I first saw her.

"She was a reasonably contented child. She had learned to dress and feed herself, and of course we taught all of the children to wash their own clothes. There simply weren't enough of us to help them all. Carmen was one of those who learned quickly, and before long the other children were looking up to her for guidance with their little daily problems.

"I had noticed that she seemed a tiny bit on the masculine side; her figure was normal for her age when she was small but it grew muscular as she entered puberty. I thought it was a result of the hard work all of us underwent in order to assure ourselves enough to eat. There was no help to be had through state relief services. The government of post-war Hungary was unstable for a great many years.

"As Carmen grew older, she grew quieter. She seemed to withdraw from the other children and buried herself in as many books as she could find. She became quite literate.

"When word came that she had inherited a parcel of land, she took it matter-of-factly and didn't display too much interest. The same thing applied when we were notified that her uncle was coming for her. Nothing seemed to interest her deeply, including the thought of leaving us. Other than two or three letters to the Mother Superior, that's the last we ever saw of her," wrote Sister Jeanette, a member of the orphanage staff.

Safely settled on her farm, the girl began to keep a diary. Her entries covering her sixteenth and seventeenth years are revealing.

"Uncle keeps talking of expanding the farm. He goes every day to measure the boundaries and to plan how to increase our holdings. He talks of adding more pigs and sheep and says that he must raise corn and other grain for them.

"Uncle also tells me that I must marry in the best way. He thinks that my husband should be the son of a nearby land owner so that the two farms may join and become one large one. I have told him of the government plans to requisition all privately held land but he says that such plans would not work.

"A new family, Bulgarians, I think, have moved

onto the land across the creek. There is a tall, dark boy whose name I do not know. He keeps watching me as I work in the field. I seem to interest him for some reason but he does not interest me.

"I saw a strange thing today. The dark boy, the Bulgarian, was sitting naked in the forest beside a tree. He was working his fingers up and down a horn-like object between his legs, a very ugly pink thing with a deep rose colored head. After awhile, he got a very odd expression on his face and his whole body jerked as thin, white streams of milky fluid spurted out of the thing and fell to the ground. He kept working his fingers and watching the thing in his hand until it became very soft and limp. Then he went swimming. He never suspected that I had been watching.

"I met the boy at a community dance. His name is Josef and he is from Bulgaria. His mother is Hungarian, though. He seems very nice and I enjoy being with him. I wonder what he was doing in the forest that day? He danced half of the dances with me and the other half with the girl who lives down the road. She is a blonde and her name is Sophia.

"I saw Josef and Sophia in the forest today. They were at the foot of the tree and they were kissing. I enjoyed watching them because Josef took off her clothing and also his own. I thought they were going swimming but they didn't. At least not for a long time.

"Josef looked very funny with that ugly, stiff thing between his legs. He kept rubbing it on Sophia's bare stomach and she squealed and giggled. Finally he laid right down on her and she put her legs around his back. I couldn't see what they were doing except that Josef kept working his bare rear end up and down for a long time and that made Sophia squeal a lot.

"When Josef got up, his ugly thing was soft and not so ugly. It was all red and wet looking and he was breathing as if had been running. He took Sophia by the hand and they both went into the creek.

"After awhile, they came out and sat by the tree again. Josef put his arm around her and they kissed some more and he took her big breasts in his hands and played with them. Sophia is older than either Josef or me; she must be at least twenty or twenty-one.

"After awhile, she pushed him back and took the thing between his legs in her fingers and began to play with it. She laughed at him and teased him. Josef laughed too and let her do it. It wasn't long until the ugly thing became very long and very stiff again.

"Josef tried to pull her down on the ground but Sophia took the thing and put it in her mouth. Josef grunted and lay back and she worked her tongue around the rose colored head. After she did that awhile, she began to suck and bite it.

"Sophia seemed to like what she was doing. Her face was flushed and she seemed to work very hard. Josef kept stretching and groaning but I could tell that he didn't want her to stop. Finally, he waved his hands around in the air and his face got that funny expression again. Sophia's head jerked and she worked her mouth like mad while he pushed his hips up and twisted. She opened her mouth a little and the milky stuff ran down his thing onto the ground.

"I've been wondering all week what they were doing. It looked as if they both enjoyed whatever it was but I don't dare ask Josef or Sophia. They might resent it. Neither will I ask Uncle; when I ask questions he always tells me to mind my own business."

The girl's diary is revealing in the sense that she was totally ignorant of sexual functions of the body. She failed to recognize masturbation as practiced by Josef, or coitus and fellatio when experienced by Josef and Sophia. She was totally ignorant of the process of male ejaculation when the "milky fluid" spurted from Josef's penis.

The uncle recalled Carmen's girlhood but failed to recognize the importance of her ignorance.

"I knew that having been raised under the guidance of the sisters at the orphanage would limit her knowledge of sexual matters. But I thought all kids talked and told tales, just as they did when I was growing up. My parents told me nothing and yet I knew as much as they did by the time I was fifteen or sixteen. Why should I think anything different about Carmen?

"My niece was a pretty girl; her face was pretty that is. Her body was boyish and her titties were hardly noticeable at the time of her marriage. Her buttocks were round and full, and she had the slightly flaring hips of the immature girl. I didn't think much about it when she didn't seem to fill out. She seemed healthy enough and ate like a pig.

"When she starting going out with Josef, once a week you know, I figured that nature would take its course and they'd be married. I wanted the two farms joined you see. The kids would really have had something then."

Returning to Carmen's diary for that period we find that she enjoys Josef's attentions.

"Josef and I went to the dance in his father's wagon tonight. His parents seem to approve of Uncle and me and they encourage us to have dates.

"The dance was wonderful. We danced both Hungarian and Bulgarian folk dances until I thought I would drop from exhaustion. Sophia was there and she danced once with Josef but later paid

little attention to him. He didn't seem to mind and has eyes only for me.

"On the way home, Josef stopped the wagon and kissed me. The sensation was pleasurable and I think I liked it. Not the kiss so much but the fact that it was Josef who was doing it to me. The kiss itself is a symbol I think; I can't get too excited over it.

"He slipped his hand into my dress and squeezed my breasts but they're not very big. He laughed at me and I made him stop even though it was pleasing us both. I felt silly when he tried to put his hand between my legs and I made him stop. I did notice that after kissing me he had a bulge in his pants as if that ugly thing of his was stiff again. I wonder why?

"I guess that we are going to be able to keep our land but we must turn the crops over to the government and they will give us so much money. We are not allowed to sell the land or anything else to anybody without the government's permission. They say that everyone will have plenty to eat that way.

"I saw Josef and Sophia in the forest again and I crept closer this time to watch. They were both naked again and Josef was between her legs as before. I almost died when I saw that Josef had stuck his stiff, ugly thing into her hole and was running it back and forth. Her thing must be awfully large to permit that; I could see that the lips were stretched around it until they were white.

"Josef's hairy things were swinging back and forth as he worked his rear end up and down and I saw his thing go clear into the hair itself. Sophia's other hole was all brown and stretched and her toes were actually curled.

"I didn't mind them having fun, especially when Josef, my friend, seemed to like it so much. From

the look on his face I knew that it must feel very good to him.

"They did it a long time and Sophia squealed a couple of times and her eyes rolled up. Her mouth fell open and she jerked all over as she dug her fingers into Josef's back. After she did that the second time Josef got all excited and began to move very quickly, sticking it in her hard and deep.

"Sophia cried out, telling him to take it out and he did. He jerked all over and his rear end came together. His face had that awful pinched expression and as he jerked, that milky stuff shot out of him in quick spurts. It went first over her shoulder by her head and then it hit the bottom of her big breast and ran down her ribs. Two or three squirts went on her belly and then it was over.

"I watched as they lay there naked. Sophia had brought a basket which contained food and a bottle of wine. They ate and drank and I heard Sophia tell Josef that she had been married before but her husband had been killed by the Germans.

"They even talked about me. Sophia told Josef that he should marry me and settle down and have one big farm and lot of kids. Josef told her that he intended to do that, not because of the farm but because he was very fond of me.

"Sophia laughed and told Josef that he was a good boy and had a big peter that she liked. They started to kiss and play with each other and Josef's thing became ugly and stiff.

"The wind must have made Sophia crazy. She pulled him down and helped to put his thing in her belly again. She also grabbed his rear end and pulled the thing into her to the hairy root. As he went up and down, she worked her rear end in a circle.

"Sophia acted like she did before, closing her eyes and jerking as her mouth hung open. Her

groans were very loud and she was breathing very hard and fast. Even her toes curled again.

"After she fell back, Josef whispered in her ear. She kept telling him no but he kept whispering to her as his rear end went faster and faster. As he went faster and faster, he spread his thighs wide and brought the cheeks of his rear end together.

"Sophia watched him through half closed eyes, smiling a little as his face twisted and he got that awful expression again. I knew then that he had placed that milky fluid in her belly and I wondered why."

Carmen's diary revealed the extent of her innocence and her ignorance of the world at large. Due to the precarious times and the uncertainty of the age, it isn't too strange that she failed to receive the necessary guidance. If her mother had remained alive, or even her father, her situation would have turned out differently.

During her seventeenth year, Carmen's uncle made the proposal to Josef's parents that the young people marry. The suggestion was well received and the wedding was set for the following spring. Carmen and Josef were advised only after the proposal had been made and accepted. As it happened, both of the youngsters were agreeable.

"So I am engaged to Josef. Well, I suppose that it will work out very well. After all, as a girl I am expected to care for a family," Carmen wrote in her diary.

"Josef and I see each other every night, now. After the work is done in the fields he comes and we sit on the porch with Uncle and talk. On Saturdays we go to the dance and then to the woods.

"The other night in the woods, Josef stripped himself naked before me and made me feel of his ugly thing. It stiffened rapidly and he wanted me

to take my clothes off also but I wouldn't. He begged and said that it was all right. We were going to be married anyway.

"I played with it and he seemed content with that. He kept saying that he wished that I had not been raised so close to the nuns at the orphanage.

"The thing between his hairy loins has a personality all of its own. In spite of its appearance, it begins to grow on me and I believe that one night I shall kiss it as Sophia did.

"Tonight was the night. In the woods I took the thing of Josef and ran my mouth over it. It was so large I had trouble opening my jaws wide enough and I know how Sophia felt as she bit and sucked it.

"Josef urged me to continue and I did. His muscular body felt good under my hands and I wanted to give him joy. I ran my mouth up and down until he made me stop. After he jerked it from my lips the ugly thing spat the milky fluid all over my one good dress. I hope that whatever it is will wash clean and not leave a stain."

Even at this point in the life of the girl, Carmen, the facts of sex and love are still completely unknown to her. Josef thinks that she is modest and reluctant because of her religious environment as a girl. He has no reason to suspect that she is completely ignorant of the sexual anatomy. He expects her to play a role for which she had not been equipped in any manner.

"It is becoming a delightful habit with us, this nakedness on Josef's part and my kissing his 'peter' as he calls it. He has now instructed me in the art of tickling his 'marbles,' those two round things in the wrinkled sack between his legs. He still tried to get his hands between my thighs but I won't permit it until we are man and wife. Don't ask me why; I haven't the slightest idea except that I have

no wish to do so. Why he gets so emotional I'll never know. I see nothing to get excited about."

The absence of passion on Carmen's part should have forewarned the young man that something was amiss with his beloved. She seems to have displayed only affection and curiosity when exposed to his perfectly natural lust and desire.

"Tonight I held Josef's stiff, ugly thing in my mouth until the milky fluid erupted. He seemed to want me to do that even though he tried weakly to stop me.

"The warm fluid has a tart taste and is very thick and sticky. The first rush of it surprised me and I jerked away from the steady spurts until they diminished. Then I again took it in my mouth until the stuff stopped coming. The taste isn't really that bad, just strange.

"My doing that to Josef seemed to thrill him to death. He held me very gently and whispered many things to me that he hadn't told me before and I'm glad it happened. Perhaps it will keep him satisfied until we are married.

"Josef's parents and my uncle are busy planning the joining of the two farms and the acquisition of more livestock. Uncle has gone to Budapest twice to talk to the government officials and they have visited us here. Everyone seems to agree that the marriage and the bringing together of the land will be a good thing for us and the district.

"For the first time I have seen the animals making love. Today I saw our bull mount a milk cow with his huge, stiff peter. The cow seemed to enjoy it no end as the bull frantically probed for her hole. Before he got it into her, however, a great rush of clear, glue-like fluid spurted all over the cow's back and legs. The bull walked around a minute and then mounted her again. This time his peter hit the hole and went right into the cow.

“When I told Josef about it he laughed and said that the cow would now probably have a calf because the bull would have shot a big load of the clear, glue-like fluid into her belly. That fluid which comes from the male must make babies! I felt much too ignorant to ask Josef; he would think I am a dolt. Besides, if that were true, Sophia would have become a mother. Josef let his milky fluid go into her, didn’t he? I will have to keep my eyes open and watch the animals.

“I saw an old boar hog do it to a sow today. Unlike the bull, the boar worked it back and forth in the sow while she stood waiting. The old boar grunted and I could have sworn the animal’s face pinched up just like Josef’s when the milky stuff spurts. Evidently the boar placed his fluid in the sow.

“As the days go by, I see all of the animals on the farm doing what Sophia and Josef did in the forest. Each of the males sticks his peter in the female and the females seem to like it intensely. Of course, female animals have large holes, almost as big as Sophia’s. I wonder why I am so small?

“I’ve examined myself and find that it would be impossible for Josef to place his peter in me. I’m simply not built that way and I worry about our marriage. This thing seems terribly important to Josef, even if it doesn’t to me.”

Carmen suspected that she was indeed different although she had no acceptable way of proving it to herself. Because she had never heard the subject discussed around anyone that she had had contact with, she rightfully felt that the subject was taboo.

“Our wedding day is approaching and I am both happy and uneasy. I want more than anything to become Josef’s wife but I feel that there will be problems with our lovemaking. But what can I do at this late date? To whom do I go for help and

information? The Ministry of Public Health is in Budapest and much too far for me to travel. Neither is there a doctor in our village; the closest physician is fifteen miles away and comes around but once a month. Before he arrives again I will be married."

Carmen's diary reveals her dilemma and her fears. In our country it is hard to visualize a situation where expert advice is not readily available, but in Hungary the situation was completely different. Even as recently as 1960 the plight of rural dwellers was acute.

"At last it is our wedding day. Josef's parents and my uncle have invited the whole countryside and there is music and dancing. I have received so many kisses that my lips are sore and Josef is half angry with everyone. He is such a fool!

"The food tables are overloaded and everyone is full of food. The wine casks are fast running dry. Even Josef's mother is quite gay from drinking and she is more talkative than ever.

"The farm officials from Budapest are here, along with the village officials. I feel embarrassed at all of this attention because normally I don't like this many people. Today is different. It is my wedding day and I am happy. The moon will be rising soon and I know Josef will want us to go home. I hope my fears will not be realized."

As Carmen's wedding night arrived, she again recorded her unease about Josef's right to enjoy sexual intercourse with her. She recorded the event in her diary the following morning.

"We went home and to bed. Josef was very gentle and understanding, removing my clothing like he would those of a child. He kissed me, tenderly at first, and then demanding. He bared my upper torso and kissed my breasts, teasing me about their size and firmness.

“He removed my knee-length dress and told me how pretty my bare legs were. He seemed to love my feet and knees, claiming that they were dimpled. My knees I mean. He stroked the insides of my thighs before removing my underpants, and as he did, he asked me if it made me want him.

“I didn’t know what to say. Of course I wanted him as a husband or I would have refused to marry him just yet. If he meant sexually, I felt exactly nothing other than the pleasant sensation of one person stroking another.

“At last he removed my underpants and I was completely naked. He seemed overjoyed and exclaimed at the beauty of my small patch of pubic hair. As he began to part my thighs, I stopped him and told him that it was useless.

“He was alarmed and grief-stricken. I tried to console him as I explained that it would be impossible for him to put his peter in me because I simply had no place to put a thing that size. I had barely been able to get my finger between the folds of flesh.”

This portion of the diary of Carmen reveals the fact that she knows that she is different than Sophia and the animals she had seen engaged in coitus. She continues to the end of her diary entry.

“I thought Josef would leave me as he lay there frozen. For a long time he kept his face turned to the wall and I felt that my heart was breaking. At last he turned over and took me in his arms.

“He asked me to let him examine me and with a sigh I turned on my back and spread my thighs. His hands cupped my buttocks and his thumbs gently spread the tiny lips which were so unlike those of Sophia. He took a long time gazing at the small cavity that he had found and then he began to laugh.

“I was angry at first; angry until he lowered his

head and ran his tongue into my tiny orifice. Then I felt a very strange and wonderful feeling run up my belly and my heart began to beat quickly.

"Much later, as I lay gasping and trembling with pleasure, he stood and bared his lean, naked body. His stiff, ugly peter was more rigid than I had ever seen it and a tiny drop of the pearly fluid trembled on the very tip.

"He ignored my pleas as he spread himself between my thighs and pressed the head of the thing between my tiny lips. I cried out with the stinging pain as I felt them stretch brutally, and then I realized that it was in me.

"Almost at once he thrust quickly and I felt as if I would die. I felt the blood run from me and then the length of his shaft lay throbbing deep in my belly.

"I stifled my sobs in the pillow and let him begin to work the thing back and forth in me. Soon I began to experience a strange, wonderful heat which seemed to overcome the pain. I held on to him for dear life, praying that I wouldn't bleed to death as he rose and fell quickly.

"Within moments the pain had lessened and his white rear end was a blur of motion. Faster and faster he worked and I saw the twisted expression grip his face. His body suddenly jerked and for the first time I felt the tiny spurts of heat driving into my belly as the milky fluid that makes babies spurted from his peter."

Carmen had been, up until the moment of her defloration, a pseudohermaphrodite. She had convinced herself that she was entirely different sexually from others of her kind. Of course, in arriving at her conclusion, she had seen only the well developed vagina of the wanton widow, Sophia. She had literally convinced herself that she had no vagina. In reality she was only a virgin with

underdeveloped outer labia. It was the rigid penis of her new husband which showed her the error of her conclusion.

Carmen is now the mother of two healthy young boys. During the second act of coitus with her husband, she experienced a satisfying and normal orgasm and has continued to do so to this day.

Josef no longer laughs at the size of her now well-developed outer labia. He just enjoys the view whenever he wishes.

CHAPTER NINE

Bob Dylan: *THE CASE OF THE MAN WHO SCREWED HIMSELF*

Those of you gentlemen who have been to Mexico will know what I am referring to when writing about the border "circus" or sex show. Every bar in the various "boy's towns" from Matamorros to Tijuana has one every Saturday night.

As a professional observer of human behavior, it is my job to examine the oddities of the species *Homo sapiens*. Taking in a few of these economically necessary exhibitions of lust in old Mexico is included in my post-graduate work. During such an excursion to the border city of Reynosa, I saw a situation which is entered in my journal as "The Case of the Man Who Screwed Himself " He did, literally.

Janet Kling, my fiancée, wanted to accompany me on the trip but I refused. Reynosa on a weekend — especially the "boy's town" area — is no place for a decent woman, either American or Mexican. All of the women to be found there at any time are either whores or fools. Janet certainly isn't either.

At the risk of being accused of erotic revelations, I am going to describe the events of the whole evening. I think that the average male reader is interested in human behavior and will find them interesting. Little does the average American citizen realize what goes on just south of our southern borders.

Bud Summers and I parked and left the car in

McAllen and walked across the international bridge into the city of Reynosa. I would advise anyone making the trip to do the same. Your automobile isn't safe over there, regardless of where you might park it. American automobiles are stripped or stolen right beside Reynosa police headquarters.

From the downtown area we took a cab to "boy's town". This is an area set aside outside of the city proper for whores, pimps, dope-pushers, gamblers, con-men, pornographic theaters and stag shows. Absolutely anything which would be considered illegal in the United States may be bought or contracted for, including murder.

The first "club" or saloon that we entered was called "The Hot Cunt." The name of the place was painted on the side of the adobe building along with an explicit picture of the female vagina. Don't be shocked or offended; you must remember that this is Mexico, a land of no economic help for anyone. These people must make money or they will starve in the gutters. Sex is one of the major commodities.

Bud and I entered and seated ourselves at the bar. The place was crowded with thrill-seekers and the odor was one of beer, booze, vomit and urine. The bartender served us two tepid bottles of Carta Blanca, a Mexican rice beer, and I gave him two dollars.

The first thing to meet the eye of the visitor to "The Hot Cunt" is a series of excellent paintings on the walls. Starting clockwise from the door, one sees the normal act of sexual intercourse in full color with the penis buried in the vagina. The next painting reveals the act of fellatio — woman sucking the man — and the third painting offers a complete education in the art of the "69". The latter act is, of course, simultaneous fellatio and cunnilingus. The remaining painting illustrates the

ancient Greek art, sodomy, the placing of the penis in the anal cavity.

The staff of "The Hot Cunt" consists of three burly bartenders and about twenty pretty Mexican girls ranging in age from fourteen to thirty years of age. Eight and ten year old children are kept out of sight and offered to the highest bidder. I will describe their activities later in the story.

Bud and I had no sooner seated ourselves than we were approached by two darkly beautiful whores who lost no time in feeling of our sex organs. They displayed no reluctance in attempting to open the zipper flies of our trousers, asking "You want fuckee?" again and again. We finally rid ourselves of them by buying them "champagne" and giving them a dollar each.

Professionally, it was more interesting to merely watch the customers for awhile. Men from all over the Texas border area were there, along with people who were obviously tourists looking for a hot time. Ten gallon hats mingled with hippy non-haircuts and heeled boots were the order of the day.

At the tables, customers were openly consorting with the whores, letting the girls expose their half-stiff bare genitals to the view of anyone who cared to look. Quite often, a couple would get up and head for the upstairs alcoves where all sorts of sex acts were consummated.

Bud and I had noticed a small back room with a curtained doorway that was evidently a movie theater. We took our beers and walked into the place, paying the attendant five dollars each for the privilege of viewing three stag movies.

The place was crowded and the odor was overpowering. A movie projector was running, throwing its beam of light on a dirty white adobe wall. The moving picture revealed the sexual antics

of a strapping naked boy and a pretty, buxom naked girl.

Bud and I settled ourselves with our backs protected and began to watch the action. On the wall, the strapping naked lad had started to kiss and lick the buxom girl's vagina, squeezing her breasts as he did so. The quality of the picture was bad, but the close-ups of the action were excellent.

"That's a good photographer using bad film," Bud whispered, quite evidently enjoying the show.

"It's probably a film that's been copied with cheap film and processing," I replied, slightly disgusted at the atmosphere of the place.

As the plot of the picture unfolded, the girl engaged the boy in fellatio, taking his rigid penis in her mouth. The next few minutes were spent in a close-up of her mouth as it ran up and down the shaft of his organ. Shifts of scene revealed the boy driving his tongue into her spread vagina.

The scene suddenly panned in on the boy's penis entering the girl's vagina. The close-up revealed the lips spreading slowly around the head as it doffed its cap of skin and disappeared into her. The photographer then switched the camera's angle of view to the boy's driving buttocks and the complete insertion of the rigid organ.

Bud punched me with his elbow at this point and nodded to our left. A young Mexican whore was on her knees as she performed fellatio on one of the male viewers. The customer was getting his kicks as he watched the show.

Back to the screen for the climax. The boy was pumping furiously and the scene panned in from above, revealing the wide expanse of the girl's belly and her pubic hair. At the crucial moment the boy withdrew his throbbing penis and beaded her black pubic hair with thin, glistening necklaces of semen.

As that particular picture ended, we got up and

left the place. The odor was becoming worse by the minute. The attendant looked surprised but said nothing.

We ordered two more beers and sat drinking and watching. A few moments later the bartender leaned over us and advised us that a stage show would start at eleven o'clock. The feature act was to be "Rita and Her Donkey." The price of admittance was ten dollars.

We still had an hour and a half left. Bud asked the bartender what other activities were in progress and the man shrugged his shoulders and asked what we wanted to see. Anything was available, absolutely anything, provided we paid for it.

I asked if we could be taken on a tour of the upstairs facilities. The bartender called a young whore over and talked to her in Spanish. She asked us for ten dollars each and promised to show us some real action. Bud and I took her up on it; after all, that's why we were there, to observe and learn.

We went up dark, narrow and filthy stairs to the second floor of the adobe building. The windows at both ends of the hall were open and a clean breeze ran through the place. Now I felt that I could breathe again.

The doors of the rooms were all closed but each had an opening resembling a mail slot. The girl laughed and put her finger to her lips, indicating silence, and then she let us peep into the first room.

Inside, two naked men were impaling one girl with their rigid organs. One man was a Negro and had inserted his penis in her vagina, while the other was a white man and had driven his penis into her anal cavity. Both were laughing and pistoning the girl slowly.

I stepped back and let Bud observe the erotic sight for a moment and then we walked to the next

door. A large man, naked except for his cowboy hat and boots, was fornicating with a small, dark girl from the rear. Her hips and buttocks were very small while the man's penis was quite long and thick. As he drove up into her, he lifted her knees from the bed again and again.

The third door was painted red and the whore acting as our tour guide warned us to be quiet again.

"Chiquita," she whispered, meaning little one, and I was quite curious as to what we would see.

Inside, a small naked girl, a mere child of eight or nine years of age, lay on her back on a daybed. Directly behind her head was a pretty, naked whore of about twenty, who held the child's feet apart and back. In front of the child and between her thighs was a white, middle aged man, also naked, with his rigid penis in his hand.

I motioned Bud to utilize the other end of the slot for viewing and we watched the moron as he worked the head of his penis into the child's pouting, hairless outer labia. The thick lips became razor thin as the tapered glans penis stretched and forced them to spread. The girl jerked and her face twisted in pain as he took her.

Almost vomiting with nausea, Bud and I motioned to our guide and went back downstairs. I was very disgusted and angry and so was Bud but there was nothing we could do. These things had been going on for a century or more along the border, and the Mexican government seemed powerless to stop them. It was up to the journalists of both countries to make it hot for those responsible.

After another beer, Bud and I paid the admission price for the stage show which was about to begin. Like the movie theater, this place was also crowded and odorful. We found seats with

our backs to the wall and sat down.

The first "act" was a display of all of the positions possible during sexual intercourse. The "cast" was made up of a pretty, young girl of Indian ancestry, and a tall, blond man who appeared to be an American. At least he had a typical southern accent. He had evidently been chosen because of his willingness to participate and the size of his penis. He was quite large in that department and seemed to make my friend, Bud, envious.

This portion of the show consumed at least an hour. How the man kept his erection without ejaculating I'll never know. He certainly displayed stamina and staying power.

The second "act" consisted of two girls playing the parts of lesbians. They demonstrated the technique of the "69" by performing cunnilingus upon each other, and then they revealed to the audience the way to arrive at a climax through mutual massage of the clitoris with the thighs. To my surprise, the male audience seemed to appreciate their efforts even more than those demonstrated during act one.

The third "act" involved two young Mexican men who demonstrated the homosexual practices of fellatio and anal intercourse. They were delayed in the latter because both ejaculated into each other's mouths during fellatio. The audience so appreciated their efforts that a great many viewers threw silver coins up on the stage at the completion of the act.

At that point two Mexican policemen entered the room and I felt for my wallet, wondering how much the bail would be. To my surprise, each slipped his arm around one of the numerous unattached whores who stood watching and began to have themselves a good time. I think I finally

realized that there was no such thing as civilized law in this portion of Reynosa. Bud and I had entered a primeval community of perverts.

Dismissing the "lawmen" from my mind, I turned my attention to the stage again. The managers of the establishment had brought one of the pretty, naked children from the "red rooms" upstairs and she was to be taken in sexual intercourse right on the stage.

The partial seduction that we had witnessed upstairs took place in its entirety within the next twenty minutes. The child was held and raped in full view of the policemen who applauded at the conclusion of the depraved act. The Mexican pervert who had accomplished the evil deed bowed to the applause. I would like to have broken his jaw but I knew that I definitely would have had to bail myself out then.

The final "act" was the headliner of the "show." Rita came prancing out onto the stage, naked, and the audience went wild with whistles and applause. Even the donkey that was led out received a fine round of appreciation and the show was on.

Rita had a way of creating an erection in the animal. She caressed and tickled the donkey's penis and testicles, and then she began to perform fellatio as she knelt beneath his belly. The donkey responded with a sheepish look, and nature responded by unsheathing his long, slick looking weapon.

The whore became a contortionist then. She sat under him and circled his back with her legs, inserting the animal's penis in her vagina as she did so. After that, it was a simple matter of swinging her hips and lower torso back and forth to affect the coitus movement. The donkey helped some; he retained his sheepish look but did begin to hump

furiously with his head against the post in the middle of stage.

The bestial act was never fully consummated. Rita would not bring the animal to the point of ejaculation and the audience booed a little but soon forgave her. After the animal was led away, his penis still at the ready, Rita sat on a pop bottle until it completely disappeared into her vagina. This satisfied the audience and the show ended.

"Let's get out of here," I muttered, sickened beyond belief at the spectacles we had witnessed.

"Amen," Bud replied fervently, working his mouth as if he were experiencing the same foul taste that was tormenting me.

Outside, the desert air was clean and cool. We stood looking up and down the unpaved street, wondering what to do next. I hadn't found the true oddities that I had hoped to find. All that we had seen was filth and lust brought into the open for profit. Such things exist everywhere at all times.

Bud and I made our way through a group of taxi drivers who stood waiting for their charges to complete their exotic excursions. We walked to a nearby adobe building which housed "The Black Cat" and went in for a final beer or two.

This club was more subdued. There were no erotic paintings adorning the walls and the two bartenders wore ties. The girls were there, as eager to make a buck as ever but they didn't pester us but once. They also seemed cleaner and prettier.

"The Black Cat" wasn't crowded and the obnoxious odor was absent. When Bud suggested that we see another movie, I went along with him. We walked into the little theater and took our seats.

The first film was in color and of excellent quality. Neither the young man nor the lovely

blonde who lay naked upon a huge circular bed appeared to be of Spanish-American origin. I suspected that it was either an American or Swedish import.

The male lead had the largest penis I had ever seen. The producer of the film had evidently conducted an intensive search for his cast because this man was most unusual sexually. I ventured the guess that his penis was at least twelve inches long and Bud agreed. It could have been a clever extension, of course, but I doubted it.

The plot followed the usual pattern of sex play. Cunnilingus and fellatio first, followed by the normal sex act. The cast, however, played their parts to perfection and their healthy bodies were a slow symphony of beautiful movement as he jazzed her. The close-up detail and color were excellent and entirely life-like. The action was slow and exotic and the camera faithfully recorded the emotions on their faces.

Unlike the previous film that we had watched, the man kept his bull-like penis buried in the lovely blonde when he ejaculated. The camera panned from his flattened, twisting buttocks to his agonized face and there was no question that he was at the peak of his delight. The scene shifted from his expression to hers. Her mouth was open slightly and her eyes were closed as she smiled sweetly. The finish was a series of strong, powerful thrusts as she locked her shapely legs around his back.

All of us have a little of the voyeur in us; I enjoyed the erotic performance immensely, mostly because of the excellent quality of the color photography. Bud even applauded a little at the conclusion.

The next film was a silent plot revolving around a young boy and a girl. It was in color and of

excellent quality. The boy appeared to be thirteen or fourteen and the girl was about the same age. The plot opened with him carrying her books home from school and the scene had been taken in a rural American community.

As they arrived at what was supposed to be the girl's home, she invited him in. Once inside they raided the icebox for lemonade and the girl found a note from her mother. The camera panned in on the writing and the note revealed the fact that the mother would be very late in getting home.

The boy and girl went into her bedroom and began to play her record player. They began to dance and then the boy kissed her. As the plot developed, they fell to the bed and he began to clumsily play with her.

The film then showed them talking for awhile and then the girl nodded and they both took off their clothes. What followed was a completely natural sex act.

The young boy's freckles and cowlick were brought out by the camera, along with his slim, five inch penis which had attained a rigidity only the very young man can muster. As he mounted the girl, his boyish ardor was apparent in his frantically clumsy movements. The camera close-ups revealed at least five or six attempts to find her orifice and the frustration both kids experienced.

At last, with the girl's help, the boy's penis entered her vagina. The camera panned to the boy's face and it was an expression of wide-eyed surprise which met the lens. Returning to the lower torso, the film recorded the quick, eager thrusts of his buttocks and the complete penetration of the girl.

The girl's face was pinched and her eyes were closed as the boy grinned and began to piston her

quickly. The camera panned in on the root of his penis and his small, round testicles, and the lips of the girl's vagina, revealing the increased speed and excitement of the boy's movements.

Below him, the girl was talking rapidly and pushing against his upper torso. The boy suddenly withdrew his penis and stood on his knees. As he gripped his throbbing penis in his fingers, short, quick jets of semen spurted from it and struck the wall across the room. He was grinning and working his fingers over his penis as the deluge subsided. The final scene was of the boy washing the wall while the angry girl looked on.

The third film displayed the true oddity for which we had been searching. It too was in color and of excellent quality. The film concerned the activities of an hermaphrodite who was the possessor of both a penis and a vagina.

As Bud and I leaned forward in interest, the film showed the individual lying on a bed with the penis in his hand. The organ was exceptionally well developed, between seven and eight inches. As the penis was lifted, we could see the absence of testicles and the presence of a feminine vagina.

At least fifteen minutes of filming went on, merely showing the genitals from different angles and distances. Then the individual pressed the penis down and worked it into the vagina. The action moved slowly and carefully and it was another five minutes until the penis was completely in place. The final scene was made as the camera panned in to show the lips of the vagina around the root of the penis.

The man showing the films was extremely reluctant to reveal where he had gotten them or who they belonged to. I had to part with a twenty dollar bill to get the information I wanted.

The photographer was an American who had his

studio in Matamorros, several miles down the border toward the coast. Bud and I left at once and returned to McAllen and the automobile.

We drove to Brownsville and spent the night. The following afternoon, Sunday, we walked across the bridge and took a cab to the address the projectionist had given me. Luckily, he was in.

The film producer and photographer listened to what we had to say. We showed him credentials confirming our identity and he relaxed. His only worry was interference on the part of Mexican authorities acting on the complaint of American police officials. He admitted that he smuggled a great many films into the United States. We told him we couldn't care less. (I will add here that the producer of pornography moved to Sweden last year. His business is completely legitimate over there and he intends to become a citizen of that great country.)

Bud and I took him out to dinner and we became quite friendly. He seemed to appreciate our interest in his business and his cast of actors and actresses. He admitted that he had hired the lovely blonde and the man with the unusual penis in North Hollywood. They had been making nudie movies, the skin flicks.

He was reluctant to discuss the hermaphrodite for some reason. We returned to his studio without learning much about the person at all.

He did ask us if we would like to watch him shoot a stag movie starring the exotic young couple from North Hollywood. I was hesitant but Bud grinned and expressed his desire to see the fun. When the producer insisted that the couple wouldn't mind a bit, I went along with it.

The studio bedroom was well furnished and air conditioned. Bud and I sat and watched the two make love under the lights of the camera. Their

symphony of movement was again a delight to see, this time in the flesh, and I think both of us enjoyed it immensely. After all, it was a perfectly natural and wholesome sex act and we had been invited. Both of us had long ago discarded puritan hypocrisy.

After the production session and our hearty applause, the pornographer gave me the name and address of the hermaphrodite with the warning that he hadn't seen the individual for at least three months. Bud and I had another drive on our hands; the hermaphrodite lived in Monterrey, a Mexican town one hundred and fifty miles south of Matamorros.

We arrived in Monterrey late Monday afternoon. After checking into the Hotel Ancira, on the square, we went to find our oddity.

Known as Jose Ferrara, he lived about three blocks from the Carta Blanca brewery. Of Castillian descent, he spoke very good English and welcomed us cordially. He even kept the smile on his face when we told him what we were there for.

"You wish to see me screw myself?" he asked, laughing aloud now.

"Well, for professional reasons only. We'd also like to hear your description of whatever sensations you experience," I replied.

"Very well. It will cost you twenty dollars. That is my fee except for the photographer; he pays me one hundred dollars each picture."

I paid him the twenty and we went into his bedroom. (I refer to Jose as "him" because he was living as a man. He could just as well have been referred to as a woman and lived as one.) He stripped his body naked and placed himself on the bed at our disposal.

Bud studied medicine so I let him make the examination. The penis was approximately eight

and one quarter inches long, and Jose said that he had never experienced an erection. There were no testicles so there was no semen nor sperm.

The vagina was normal and Bud said he thought that Jose was the possessor of ovaries. To fortify his belief, Bud pointed out the small but feminine breasts.

We queried Jose as to whether he had ever experienced an orgasm when the penis was inserted in the vagina. He answered in the negative, saying only that when the penis of a man was inserted the sensation was pleasurable. He meant, of course, a normal man and an unfamiliar penis. Evidently the hermaphrodite had occasionally taken a male lover in coitus.

It cost us another twenty to get close-up Polaroid pictures of his genitals and lower torso. He threw the photos of his upper body in for free.

I suggested the possibility of removal of the useless penis and the assumption of his true identity, that of a female. He grew quite angry at the suggestion and insisted that he must live as his Maker had made him. He told us that he was perfectly happy and had never had a hang-up over his dual sexual characteristics. That was good enough for us; we wished him luck and left him to live his own life as he saw fit.

And so another case went into my journal. I had learned a basic fact from this one and I appreciated it immensely.

If a man wants to screw himself, let him!

CHAPTER TEN

Janet Kling and Bob Dylan: *THE CASE OF THE MISSING BREAST*

Janet and I were at the Copa Club the night we became involved in the Case of the Missing Breast. Oddly enough, we weren't pursuing our post-graduate work at the time. We were simply having a night on the town. People who are engaged do things like that.

Our outings came about so seldom that I resented it when Doris Linxweiler approached our table. Doris was a beautiful but simple friend of Janet's. The two had gone to high school and college together and then Doris had married.

"Janet! Bob!" the redheaded sex-pot gushed as she approached, "Am I glad to see you!"

"Likewise. I've missed you since day before yesterday," Janet retorted, rolling her eyes up in a gesture of patient defeat as she glanced at me.

"Oh, come on; I know I'm interrupting your date but I've got the most wonderful news," Doris replied, smiling like a cat eating the dinner fish.

As she planted her shapely posterior on a chair at our table, I couldn't help but like the girl. There was a part of her that made one like her regardless of her mouth.

"Listen," she began, "do you remember Carlee Doyle, that hippie girl at school? You know, the one with the short hair and blue-rimmed glasses? Well, she had been auditioning for a lead part in that new off-Broadway play 'Tits', the sequel to the play 'Hair' that everyone raved about.

"Well, anyway, I tried out for the same part and

was sort of an understudy, and guess what! Carlee has disappeared! I'm going to do the lead!" Doris giggled.

"Wonderful for you but awful for the girl Carlee," I said, putting my two cents' worth of conversation into the pot. "Do they know what happened to her?"

"Of course not, stupid! If they did, she wouldn't be missing would she?" Doris countered, a puzzled frown on her face as her limited mental gears began to grind.

"The Case of the Missing Tit," Janet whispered to me in a voice perfectly audible two tables away.

Doris choked and began to laugh. She sounded exactly like a mule I had once heard at a county fair back home. She laughed so long and loud that she had the whole club laughing at her unbridled comedy.

"Gawd!" Janet breathed, watching her friend in amazement and disbelief. "Doris, you sound exactly like a jackass!"

This new revelation sent the redhead off into another startling demonstration of mirth that resulted in tears. Her mascara began to run and for the first time the girl appeared exactly as she was, a clown.

By this time the master of ceremonies had developed a thundercloud on his face. I forgot to mention that while we had been eating a floor show was in progress. Friend Doris had completely stolen the show. I figured that we had worn out our welcome and I hustled both girls out of the place.

There was a quiet little bar just around the corner and that's where we settled. Doris could bray all she pleased; the two drunks at the bar couldn't care less.

"Tell me about the untimely flight of Carlee

Doyle," I urged, wondering why Doris hadn't worn a brassiere. Of course, the only reason she needed one was to subdue the long, sharp pointed nipples of her breasts as they threatened to pop through her nylon blouse. Otherwise, the lemon-like mounds tilted up on their own and needed no support from the garment industry.

"Oh, she always was a funny one," Janet broke in, leading the story off. "She was always like a puppy starved for love. Everybody liked her, don't misunderstand me, but after awhile she seemed to get sticky or something."

"Right," Doris said, picking it up from there. "She had a real sexy shape but she always dressed so icky; skirts below the knee and long-sleeved blouses and all that. The boys wouldn't give her a tumble because she was too much like mother."

"Well, anyway, she started studying dramatics. She really could deliver a part. All through school she played the lead parts and everybody figured that she'd end up on top in the theatrical world."

"After graduation, she started working with the little theater groups and did five or six hit shows off-Broadway and then this 'Tits' thing came along and she had the lead. Then for some reason she took her clothes and vanished; last Thursday I think it was if the landlady figured the time right. It looks as if she just moved out and faded away."

The bartender approached and I ordered us three drinks. Doris kept in form by ordering a Rock 'N Rye and I shuddered.

Janet seemed deep in thought by this time and knowing her, I felt that she was trying to remember something. I was right.

"Carlee did this same thing one time at school. She was to do the lead in 'Lady Godiva' and disappeared until after the play was over. When they asked her why she hadn't simply declined to

do the part she said that she couldn't bear to say no to Professor Alberts, the drama coach. I wonder if she's pulling that here. If she is, she'll wreck her career."

"Hey, you're right, Janet. I remember that now!" the redheaded sex-pot exclaimed, swinging a shapely leg and utterly bare thigh in my face. I began to wish that I could be unattached and free to do what I pleased for one night. There are some things in this world that need taking care of by an interested young bachelor. Doris was one of them. I knew that for a fact; Janet had told me how innocent she was. She had been raised pretty straight-laced.

I brought my thoughts back from that delightful but forbidden realm. "I'd like to have talked to Carlee," I said, "I'll bet she is just odd enough to have made an excellent profile for our graduate studies."

Janet glanced at me in surprise. She began to acquire that calculating look and I knew that she was putting memories in place in the manner in which she had been trained.

"Bob, sometimes you do have a thought. As I think back to her behavior I'm inclined to agree," Janet replied, her nod becoming more rapid and pronounced.

"What are you talking about?" Doris asked, frowning again. "You've seen her profile, Janet. She's plain but cute in the face."

"Of course, Doris, of course, but that's not the type of profile Bob and I were thinking of. We'd like to delve into her whole personality and see what makes her tick," Janet replied, giggling at her friend's somewhat attractive stupidity.

Again I wished that I was unattached and uncommitted. I'll bet that I could talk faster than Doris, especially when I thought of the prize

between her pretty thighs. Boy was I getting horny.

"Well, I've kept in touch with her a lot and I've got a key to her apartment. We could go over there and see if she left anything at all that might give you a hint," Doris suggested.

I brightened considerably at that. Janet did too. As well as being professional students of human behavior we're also nosey. We could spent our rare date snooping.

If you've ever been in the Village you know how I felt trudging up five flights of stairs. I ended up with Janet on one arm and Doris on the other. So, I'm not bitching; it was great while it lasted. I cursed a little because both are puritans at heart. Handling the merchandise was still taboo in spite of Janet's engagement ring.

Doris let us into the place and we stood with blank looks on our faces. Being a detective is fine in novels but a little different in fact. I simply hated the thought of sniffing around a place that belonged to someone else. My darling Janet wasn't burdened with that problem, however. She put down her sweater and purse and went right at it.

The living room was bare except for the furniture. The only drawer in the place contained nothing but a feminine fragrance of something or other and a book of matches. I put the matches in my pocket with a guilty feeling. I had just run out of my own.

Carlee's bedroom yielded a neatly made bed and a pair of boy's levis and a blue shirt.

"Are you sure she didn't have a boyfriend around someplace?" I asked the redhead who was leaning over a chest in the corner. I didn't even catch her answer at first because I was gazing at a perfectly rounded set of buttocks covered in very light blue panties. Boy, what a waste, I groaned

mentally. I hated it when she stood up straight again.

"... told you before that she is too icky and the boys avoid her like the plague. She doesn't mind though it seems," Doris was saying.

"Maybe she's a lesbian," I suggested, sighing at my barren fate.

"Noooo, she would have made a pass at some of us girls and we'd all have known about it," Doris giggled. "Besides, she was at a couple of parties with us and she hovered around the boys as much as she did the girls. I'll bet she is a virgin, though, at least as far as a penis is concerned. I'm not saying that she's got her cherry with bananas, dildoes, and all."

My eyebrows shot up at her little speech. Boy, why was I engaged to be married at just this minute.

"How about you, are you virgin as far as a penis is concerned?" I asked, giving her that lecherous grin of mine for effect.

She started to laugh again, and to my horror it was that jackass bray which increased steadily in intensity. The more she laughed the deeper the pretty flush on her face became.

"What's going on?" Janet asked, coming from the bathroom with an odd shaped cone of rubber or plastic in her hand.

"He... he asked me... if I was still a virgin... as far as a... penis was concerned!" the redheaded big-mouth squealed, her bray doubling itself in intensity.

"That's a good question. Are you?" Janet grinned, slipping into the spirit of the thing but giving me an icy look nevertheless.

"Only my hairdresser... knows for... sure," Doris cried, ruining her mascara again as she wept tears of laughter.

"You mean you have THAT hair fixed too?" I chortled, interested and showing it.

"Settle down you two and look at this," Janet said, holding up the cone shaped device.

"What is it? It's an artificial tit," Doris burst out, asking a question and then answering it herself before starting her bray again.

Janet kept a pained expression on her face until the redheaded bombshell had exploded and subsided.

"She might have something there," I remarked, sobering with curiosity as I took the thing from Janet's hand. "Smell it," I added, "I'll bet it was worn against the body."

Both of the girls sniffed it in turn. Both of them nodded.

"It couldn't have been used as a brassiere padding; it's as big as a tit itself," Janet remarked with a frown on her pretty face.

"Well, keep it for reference or something," I suggested. "Let's finish our snooping and then go over to Janet's and see if we can make any guesses from what we know about Carlee."

The rest of our search turned up nothing else that could possibly be pertinent to the girl's disappearance and an hour later we were relaxing in the apartment of my bride-to-be. Doris was sitting just across from me and as I eyed the flesh under her mini-skirt, I wished that for one night it wasn't so.

Janet produced beer and scotch and gave us our choice. The redhead took scotch and I kept her company: When I leaned over to light her cigarette I looked right down between. Boy!

To get my mind off of my horny sensations, I began to read the advertising on the matchbook that I had appropriated from Carlee's drawer. I found that I was being graphically invited to share

in the confidential atmosphere of "The Phallus" bar and club, over across the river.

"An atmosphere where the discriminating gay male may meet the boy of his dreams," the inside cover whispered. "An atmosphere where Suck-sess is guaranteed!"

I tossed the matchbook to Janet while I worked my eyebrows up and down.

"Why, Bob! Why haven't you told me?" she gasped in mock surprise, throwing her hand dramatically across her mouth.

Doris took a picture of me with that secret lens between her thighs as she unraveled only leg and jumped up to read the cover.

"Bob! Do you suck peters?" she gasped, mimicking Janet with her hand and arm. Mentally I wished I could take her in a bedroom and show her how such things were done.

"I found that in Carlee's desk drawer. Now those things aren't spread around by cigarette machines and the like. Either she got it at the club or someone she knew gave it to her," I said, pointing out the obvious.

"Do you suppose she frequents the place? If so, why?" Janet asked, frowning and shaking her head in puzzled frustration.

"Well, it's Saturday night so why don't we go have a look?" Doris suggested.

Sometimes that brain hits on at least two cylinders, I thought, keeping my eyes away from the long, stiff nipples that threatened to do mayhem to her nylon blouse.

Before we go any further, let me explain to the reader that my animal attraction to Doris in no way diminished my love for Janet. Being a young man and full of pee and vinegar, the male readers will know what I mean. Both are dolls; it's just that Doris suggested the bedroom and Janet demanded

the altar. With the lights out there probably wouldn't be a particle of difference in the sexual sensations. It's all in the young-adult-male-mind.

With those personal observations out of the way I'll get on with the Case of the Missing Tit.

We drove across the river and parked near the club and bar known as "The Phallus." That means prick-image when translated from the Latin. The name of the place was indicative of what was to be found inside; skin tight trousers and clearly outlined sex tools.

Anyone who has ever been in a gay bar knows of the atmosphere. Effeminate males clustered together in pairs or threesomes, and sometimes open necking takes place. To a person unversed in the ways of the world it can be disgusting. It was to Doris; she didn't like it at all. Janet and I had seen it all before and understood the people involved.

"The drinks are excellent, better than downtown," Janet said, a pleased look on her face.

"I keep thinking of the mouth that used the glass before me," Doris whispered, giggling a little. I hoped to christ she didn't start with that bray again; these homosexuals can get mean if they think they're being laughed at.

"Maybe you won't have to wait till you're married to find out what the stuff tastes like," Janet murmured, surprising me with her wanton statement.

"Hey, don't get Doris started on that laugh again," I broke in, hushing the two idiots up before she could explode again. "Keep your minds above your navels and see if you can spot Carlee. It's so damned dark in here all I can see are shadows."

"We'll get used to it in a minute," Janet replied, peering around cautiously.

We sat a long time and our eyes adjusted to the

lighting. Finding a person wasn't going to be easy; there must have been two hundred gay boys in the place.

"Why don't you girls go pee and have a look at that end of the room while you're traveling," I suggested in a whisper.

"What would they be doing with a woman's toilet in this place? We'll have to pee in the men's urinal and I can't aim that good," Janet replied.

I knew it was coming and I cursed softly. Doris broke loose with that bray of hers and Janet clapped her hand over the sex-pot's mouth as fast as she could. All we got were a few murderous stares.

It was curious watching the redhead trying to unbottle the mirth in her system. As Janet held her, her unfettered titties shot straight out and I would have sworn a nipple punctured the nylon blouse. One long, shapely leg came up in the air and I looked right up between her thighs to her blue panties. I even imagined I saw some loose red hairs escaping from their confinement. Boy!

After Doris had subsided, the two girls went for their walk. I sat there fidgeting, hoping against hope that some lonely homo wouldn't take me for a soul brother and proposition me. Not that I couldn't have used something right then. It's just that I'm nuts about girls.

After what seemed an eternity they returned. I knew by the excitement on their faces that they had news for me.

"Doris swears that that's Carlee sitting there at the end of the bar dressed as a boy! Now why would she do that if it is her?" Janet whispered as the two girls again took their chairs.

I thought about the matter carefully. Any number of answers came to me. As I watched Janet silently, I saw that she was considering the same

solutions that could be used as options.

"The only way we can know for sure, and possibly help Carlee, is to approach her and take her to Janet's where we can talk. I suggest that you two go over there and whisper to her that you'd like to talk to her. Keep your voices down and don't argue with her if she acts like she doesn't know you or gives you any lip. These birds in here stick together and they might think of her as one of their own," I said, bearing down heavy on the warning to the girls.

"How in hell do we get into these things," Doris sighed as she stood up. "Why couldn't she have kept a dress on and acted like the rest of us?"

"Maybe she's not like the rest of us," I retorted, slapping her playfully on her shapely butt. I was careful to do the same to my bride-to-be and it was just as much fun.

It was thirty minutes before the girls returned with Carlee. During the wait I kept my ears open and my eyes peeled to that end of the bar. Nothing happened. When I finally saw them coming, I picked up our things and led the way out of the place.

It was a quiet ride back to Janet's place. Even Doris managed to keep her big mouth shut. It was a relief when we arrived. I fixed the drinks and waited for the conversation.

Janet almost screwed up the works for us. She turned on the tape recorder and Carlee began to make a stink about it. It took the three of us, Janet, Doris and myself, to explain to Carlee about our graduate studies. She finally settled down and agreed to answer questions about herself and her behavior over the years.

In considering the reader, I think that a transcript of the complete conversation would be in order in the form of questions and answers. The

following is taken from the tape with Janet, Doris, and myself asking the questions and Carlee answering them:

Q. Carlee, why are you masquerading as a boy?

A. I'm really not masquerading. At least I don't think I am. I feel sometimes that I'm as much male as female.

Q. Why do you say that?

A. Oh, do we have to go into the thing? Why couldn't you have left me alone?

Q. Because we want to help you if you've got a problem. After all, we did go through school with you, Janet and I anyway. Tell us why you're endangering your career by acting so foolishly.

A. I appreciate your interest, really I do, but none of you can help me.

Q. All we ask is that you try us. Bob and I have helped people with problems before. What's wrong, Carlee?

A. All right, I may as well lose you as friends too. Everybody that found out about me thinks of me as a freak. I'd better start at the beginning.

I guess that when I was born I was pretty much like any other infant. At least my problems weren't visible to the doctor who delivered me, or to my parents either. Up until about the age of nine or ten I seemed to be normal in most respects.

By that time my mother had taught me to take care of myself and my clothes. I don't think she ever saw me nude or semi-nude after that. Anything concerning nudity or near-nudity was taboo in my family.

I never thought much about my physical body in grammar school. I usually felt fine and very active.

One summer when I was eleven I saw a boy and girl doing it; you know, making love. They were

much older than me, in high school in fact, and they were doing it in our summer house. I guess it was the only place available.

Well, I was curious. I got as close as I could and watched him run his thing up her pussy and then work it in and out. I could see good and I was able to examine a boy's peter and balls, as well as another girl's pussy. I also saw by the looks on their faces that doing it was really wonderful. When he shot off all over the floor of the summer house I remembered about a sex book I had read once and I knew that I had found out how babies are made.

When I was thirteen I noticed that I was beginning to change physically. It didn't alarm me, I just noticed that I was changing. No one else realized it because no one ever saw me nude.

All of my girl friends' breasts began to develop but mine didn't. I didn't worry about that either. I thought mine would, in time.

My eyes began to bother me and mother had my eyes examined. The doctor ordered glasses for me and I began to wear them. That was the only time I needed attention, at least physically. I'd never had a physical examination for as long as I could remember.

At fifteen, I had a few dates with a neighbor boy of seventeen. He's the one who took my maidenhead in the same summer house where I'd seen the couple screwing a few years before. We'd been necking one Sunday afternoon and he asked me to let him do it to me.

Because I was afraid of being caught, I made him do it with our clothes on. He just lifted my dress a bit and opened the fly on his pants.

It hurt a little at first and then just felt hot in me. I couldn't see what all of the fuss was about. I even let him shoot his stuff in me and I couldn't

even feel it.

He saw nothing except my thighs, maybe. The way we were lying prevented him from seeing my hips, belly or anything else. To me, the whole thing was a flop.

Can I have another drink?

Q. Carlee, you keep implying that there is something different about you physically; something that evidently developed after you started having your period. What is it?

A. I'm coming to that. I'd rather tell you the whole story as I go along. It makes more sense that way.

Q. All right. Tell it in your own way.

A. All during high school I was in the class plays and everyone kept telling me how good I was and that I should make a career on the dramatic stage. Those people really impressed me and so I tried to be in every play possible.

During this time, my physical problems grew right along with me. My real problem was, of course, that certain things grew and other things didn't. I'll explain that later.

I had a couple of boyfriends in high school and college. One of them took me to a couple of wild parties and got me interested in sex somewhat. The act itself, I mean, not marriage or anything like that. I think the thing that intrigued me the most was the group sex, the "fuck-ins" as they were called.

You might think group sex would be disgusting, and it is. But it also makes you want to participate. At least it did me. At the first party we watched seven nude couples going at it completely naked. There were pricks of all sizes and shapes, and the girls themselves were just as varied. After that, they simply switched couples. My date and I were outsiders and weren't asked to participate. I'm glad

we weren't; I'd have had to go home.

The party made my friend and me hot enough to want to try it ourselves. We did it in the back of his automobile and again I kept my clothes on. Again I experienced nothing but a pleasurable sensation, even when I let the boy ejaculate in me. I never did get pregnant and that made me wonder too. That boy and I did it every night for a month in the back seat of his car and every time we went all the way.

By the time I was out of high school I had quit thinking of myself as normal. I tried to cultivate the friendship of both boys and girls but I tried to stay clear of emotional entanglements. I knew that it would only lead to heartbreak. In college I did the same thing if you'll remember.

I did work hard in dramatic acting in college. I played the lead in most of the plays and got the offer from the off-Broadway producer in my senior year. The only thing that went wrong there was that damned part in the play "Lady Godiva" and I had to duck out on that one. I would have had to be almost nude on the stage and that simply wouldn't do. I felt so terrible about that. It almost broke my heart to break faith with the dramatic coach. He had always been so good to me and helped me all the way.

Q. So that's the reason you disappeared just before the play started, "Lady Godiva" I mean! You didn't have to take off any clothing during rehearsal!

A. That's right. I hoped that something, I don't know what, would happen and I wouldn't have to undress. As the opening date approached I knew that it was hopeless.

Q. Carlee, did you assume the identity of a boy during that period also?

A. Yes. That was the first time.

Q. And you mingled with homosexuals?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you experiment sexually with any of the gay world?

A. Yes . . . for about two weeks. I met this one . . . what should I call Jerri, a boy or a girl . . . well, I met this person and he seemed very nice. I was sitting at a bar dressed as a boy and he came up to me. We each bought drinks and then he invited me up to his apartment to listen to some records. While we were there, we began to neck and he took off his clothes. I asked him to. At first he seemed more aggressive than me, and then I suddenly became the aggressor.

You may not believe this but it wasn't the sex act I was interested in at the moment; I just wanted to see his body and examine his genitals. When I did, his penis became very stiff. To me it was a completely new experience and I liked it. To me, his body was clean and beautiful.

I could tell that he wanted me to fondle him and I did. When he asked me to kiss it I didn't hesitate for a moment. He then lay back and let me do what I pleased to him.

The more I examined and fondled his penis and testicles, the more interested I became in their function. The stiffness of his penis fascinated me and I began to suck it. The exotic sensation was something completely new to me.

Jerri kept whispering to me how wonderful I was and how much he loved me. His long, white body began to rise and fall and the perfume that he used filled my nostrils. I was utterly fascinated. When he cried out and stiffened I knew that he was coming and I didn't care. I swallowed every drop of the warm semen. It was over too soon for me.

Q. You seemed to derive more pleasure from fellatio than you do from normal intercourse. Do

you know why, Carlee?

A. It seems that I'm more involved in giving someone pleasure. When a boy sticks it in me I just simply lie there doing nothing. When I suck one off it's all my own effort and desire.

Q. I think you're right in your self-analysis. We come again to the question as to why you don't experience a climax while engaged in sexual intercourse. How are you different?

A. I'll come to that pretty soon. Anyway, Jerri wanted me to take off my clothes so that he could play with me but of course I wouldn't let him. I didn't want to lose his friendship and love. When he asked me to let him screw me in the butt I just dropped my pants and wouldn't let him put his hand in front.

His big penis hurt my asshole the first two or three times. He made up for it when he went off in me; I could feel it back there and it felt good.

Our relationship lasted until I changed clothes and went back to school. I only saw him one other time: one Saturday night when I changed clothes again and went back. He was necking with another boy so I left.

Q. Were you hurt when you saw him making love to someone else, Carlee?

A. No, not really. I felt a little sad and lost but I really couldn't expect to find him unattached. I'm the one who disappeared.

Q. Provided you could live with someone, would it be a boy of your choice or a girl of your choice?

A. I don't know. I'm all mixed up. If sex wasn't involved either one would be fine. I could learn to love either.

Q. But sex is involved. You've been raised as a girl and lived most of your life as a girl. Shouldn't you want to make love as a girl?

A. As I said, a penis in me is pleasurable. Either front or back. What difference does it make if the boy thinks of me as a girl or another boy?

Q. It isn't what the boy thinks that's important. It's what society thinks of you and what you think of yourself. Can you understand that?

A. To hell with society. What has society ever done for me? As for myself, I'd like to be me if I can figure out what I am.

Q. Why haven't you consulted a good specialist, a physician or surgeon. You say you have a physical difference. Perhaps medical science can correct the problem and advise you of your true sex.

A. I've thought of that but you forget one thing. In establishing myself in the theater I've worked for pennies and I simply don't have the money. My parents paid for my education and I have to repay them too.

Q. Well now you have your big chance to make a name for yourself in this new play, "Tits," and you're going to throw it all overboard. Why?

A. Don't you see I have to? I couldn't possibly get on that stage semi-nude or nude. They'd see my physical problem and think that I was a freak of nature.

Q. Don't you think you'd better let us in on the secret of that problem? What is it that bothers you? You appear to be perfectly normal.

A. You'd have to see it to believe it. Do you want me to take off my clothes and show you?

Q. If you'd like. Bob here is experienced in such things and has seen every oddity in the world and so have I. You might shock Doris but she can leave the room. You certainly can't shock me.

A. You'll regret it if I do and so will I.

Q. There won't be anyone regretting anything and it certainly won't affect our friendship or

affection for you. What have you got, three tits, two pricks and a half-dozen pussies?

A. No. I've got one tit, one prick and one vagina. Will that do?

Q. No balls?

A. No. Should I have?

Q. Well, it would make you more interesting. As yet you haven't mentioned anything that's unusual or uncorrectable. Now strip and let us have a look at you.

A. All right, here goes the blouse. You can see that one tittie is full and mature and the other just doesn't exist.

Q. Doris, give the lady her missing tit. We found it in your apartment, Carlee.

A. So that's how you got on to me! What else did you find?

Q. Just a book of matches from the "Phallus Club." We didn't tie the rubber cone up with a missing tit but I should have suspected. Can you now take off your slacks and let us see your genitals?

A. Why not. If you can stand it, I can.

Q. Aha! How did you keep that long thing out of the way when the boy screwed you?

A. I put it up under the elastic of my garter belt so that it wouldn't be noticed when he put his prick in me.

Q. Did that prick of yours ever get hard? Did you ever have an erection at any time?

A. No, never has it ever stiffened and I've wondered why. I pee out of it but that's all. It's gotten six inches long all by itself because I've never had any inclination to play with it.

Q. Well, it's just as well. Even if you have undescended testicles they would have atrophied by now and you wouldn't have been able to ejaculate. Let me spread this vagina and have a

look.

A. It's seemed so strange having a peter and a pussy both. That's why I say that I'm a real freak.

Q. Don't be silly; you are a functioning human being with a medical problem that might be possible to solve. There's nothing wrong with your personality and that's what makes you a member of society and a member of the species Homo Sapiens. There are no freaks. Only mistakes of nature. How often do you menstrate?

A. Every month, just like every other girl I think.

A. Good, that explains a lot of things. I'm going to spread the lips of the vagina and try to see if you've got a clitoris. Tell me where it is the most sensitive.

A. Not there. No, not there either.

Q. Well, I don't see any but the root of that penis springs from that area. Let me probe here at the base of it.

A. No, I'm not sensitive there . . . wait, do that again. Yes, it feels good when you rub it there.

Q. It does? There must be a nerve ending that's grown right into the flesh of the root of the penis. No wonder you couldn't experience an orgasm from your boyfriend's tool. Friction is what builds the sensation and even though his prick was rubbing it, it wouldn't work. Surgery might be able to expose it so that you could climax.

A. Do you really think something can be done surgically?

Q. Of course, Removal of that penis is feasible, and so is the exposure of the clitoris. That would make your genital area appear normal, anyway. Female hormones would help the development of that lazy breast. A lot of women have one tittie smaller than the other. Hormones and exercise therapy should help. Of course, all of this is

dependent upon determining your true sex through a chromosome check. You could be a male genetically. In that case, the vagina would be sewn up and male hormones given instead. Would you see a specialist if I can arrange it?

A. Yes, if only to alter my body so that my career may continue.

Q. Would you rather live as a girl or as a boy? You've tried both so you should have definite opinions.

A. I really don't know. As I said, it makes very little difference to me other than the facts surrounding my career. I'm known professionally as an actress. It would be bad if I had to start over as someone else.

Q. All right, tomorrow I'll make an appointment with a specialist. In the meantime, get back to that producer of the plan and tell him you've been ill and had to leave suddenly. Tell him you've got to have surgery but will be back within three months. In the meantime Doris can play your part; she wouldn't want a career anyway, just a one time part.

Q. Of course, Carlee. I'm not the type to be a professional, even if I do have some talent. I'll tell the producer that I'll fill in until you get back. How did you know I wouldn't want the part permanently, Bob?

A. Oh, Doris, baby! The only stage you'll ever make a career out of is a king-size bed in a bedroom!

Q. Well I like that! How did you guess?

Here the tape ended on the Case of the Missing Breast. That wasn't the end of it, though. Not by a long shot.

A week later Carlee went to see the specialist I had recommended. Janet went along with her and stayed with her to hold her hand. The surgeon told

them that the penis could be removed and medication given provided the chromosome test proved Carlee to be a male. That was the first test that had to be made. At my suggestion the doctor said that he would do that much for nothing.

The results came back in three days. Carlee was indeed a female. The first hurdle had been passed and she was happy with the findings.

The surgeon made an estimate of the cost of correcting nature's mistakes and it came to about three thousand dollars. Carlee's heart sank and so did mine. I couldn't have raised thirty dollars at the moment. Janet had a total of eighty-seven dollars and thirteen cents in her bank account. Remember, we weren't long out of school and were in debt to boot.

It was Doris who saved the day. The redhead came up with one thousand dollars from a trust fund of some kind. The surgeon agreed to wait for the rest. After all, Carlee was young and productive. She also seemed to be appreciative and honest.

The surgery was planned and accomplished without a hitch. Janet, Doris and I were in the waiting room of the hospital the whole four hours. She wasn't in surgery that long; part of it was spent in the post-surgery ward.

The surgeon had x-rayed and found that Carlee had normal ovaries and a slightly tilted uterus. He corrected that at the time of the operation. After she had come out from under the ether, the surgeon chuckled and told her to watch her P's and Q's; it was entirely possible for her to get pregnant.

He placed the happy patient on female hormones and gave her an exercise to develop her bust. He also told her to be content with one tittie larger than the other. Janet told her that an active boyfriend could help the smaller one. I wished

she'd practice what she preached.

After leaving the hospital, Janet and Doris and I had dinner at the Copa Club where it had all started with the redhead's big, soft mouth. We had drinks and steaks-that-we-could-not-afford and said to hell with the extravagance.

"I'll buy the meal. Somebody has to reimburse you both for your work during the Case of the Missing Tit," Doris giggled, her sharp pointed, unfettered breasts jiggling madly.

"Have you got anything missing, Doris? How's your titties and your clitty?" Janet whispered, her voice again audible two tables away. She shouldn't have acted the comedian.

The redhead's giggle went from a giggle to a bray and the jackass was with us again. Every head in the Copa turned and faces that hadn't cracked in twenty years split right down the middle. Even Janet and I laughed until we cried.

I was awakened the next morning by the telephone. It was Janet advising me that she had to go upstate because her mother was ill. I asked her if she wanted me to drive her but she said that she had to stay at least three days. She threw me a kiss over the phone and told me to behave myself and I went back to sleep.

That evening I went to the hospital with flowers for Carlee. I'd never seen her looking so feminine or radiant. She had changed to a pair of small, stylish glasses and a nurse's aid had fixed her hair. Doris was there and she was beautiful too. Too beautiful.

We left the hospital together and went for coffee. I figured she'd act a little strange with me because we were alone but she was her usual gay, nutty self. It was me who acted a little backward I think.

After coffee I did battle with my good sense

and lost; I invited her up to my apartment for coffee or a nightcap. To my utter surprise she said yes. Boy!

The redhead wanted the nightcap instead of the coffee. I fixed her a double, leering at her long, beautiful legs in the meantime, and wondering what sort of a lecherous cad I had become. After her third double she was braying at everything I said.

We sat there on the couch and my pulse roared in my ears like the surf. We were discussing Carlee's case but I couldn't keep my mind on the conversation. The long, hard nipples beneath her blouse fascinated me.

"That thing of hers, she could have had fun both ways if she could have gotten it hard," Doris giggled, wiggling around beside me with her mini-skirt up to her flaring hips.

"Dear, you could compare Carlee to a eunuch. She didn't have any testicles and the penis simply won't react unless there is sperm to be delivered," I explained patiently.

"Why?" she asked, a puzzled frown on her slightly flushed face.

I cleared my throat nervously. Was she really that innocent or just putting me on to lengthen the erotic conversation.

"Well, sex is an invention of nature to propagate the race. To make babies I mean. The reproductive system is a highly complicated mechanism and each part works in conjunction with the others. When the testicles — those are glands you know — are diseased or absent, the penis seldom if ever gains rigidity."

"Why wouldn't her ovaries work in getting her thing ready? They are seed pods too, aren't they?" she giggled, well into her fourth double. One of those beautiful legs must be hollow, I thought in

amazement.

"The ovaries have little to do with the sexual apparatus itself. That is as far as giving a woman hot pants. That's mostly a psychological reaction to exterior stimuli," I replied, wondering if she'd sit still for a demonstration.

She guzzled the few drops of her drink and got up to refill our glasses. My eyes bulged a little. To me the room was already developing a rosy glow. This sex-pot could drink like a fish.

"Do you think that the surgeon has fixed her clitty so that she can have a climax now?" the redhead persisted as she sat beside me once again.

"Half of that depends on how skillful her lover is when he makes love to her before and during the sex act."

"Well, the doctor says that there's nothing to prevent her from becoming pregnant now. That's what worries me when I think of sex before marriage. I've never trusted a man that far, as bad as I'd like to make love," she giggled, her pretty face flushing hotly.

"You mean you're a virgin?" I exclaimed, leering like a fiend at her perfectly rounded thighs.

"Well, I don't have a cherry I don't imagine. After all, I am twenty one," she said, braying like a jackass again. It was the sexiest sound that I had ever heard. At that moment at least.

"Is that why you haven't married, Doris? Are you actually afraid of sexual union with a man?" I persisted, sensing an unusual quirk in her personality that would make a reasonably interesting case for my graduate journal.

"Well, when I meet a boy I like, I get to thinking about having to engage in sex with him. That worries me enough so that my romantic attachments fail before they can become meaningful. I think I've got a problem. The older I

become the worse it gets. I remember a girl friend of mine having an awful time during the birth of her baby. She told me about the horrible pains and said she'd never have another one. That keeps popping up in my mind when I'm necking with anyone."

I hiccupped and thought about the matter. Here was a beautiful girl with a problem. I had been trained to handle problems, or at least investigate them fully, and my professional background demanded that I do something to help her. Could I remove the situation from the personal plateau and my relationship with Janet long enough to help her?

I could.

She must have been waiting for me to take her in my arms. She lifted her soft, full lips to mine without an urging at all and my mouth seemed to sink into hers a foot. The only thing that disturbed me was the horrible sound in the room. Then I realized that it was my pulse again.

We clung together like we were drowning. I savored the sweetness of her breath and introduced her to the French kiss, a la Dylan. Right away that long, curved body stiffened and writhed like mad. She did have a problem.

Centuries later, I had her blouse open and was professionally examining her amazing breasts. They were just the size of quality lemons slightly tilted upward. The huge nipples were a pale pink and capped the big lovelies like the south pole of Mars caps the planet.

The tips of the nipples fascinated me no end, just as they did through her blouse. They were at least an inch long and completely rigid under my fingers. I had never seen anything so downright beautiful and obscene.

I tried to remain aloof and professional in my

examination, of course. I cupped and squeezed to be sure of the exact size of everything in the area. I even slipped each nipple into my mouth for awhile and wondered if the elongated tips would be uncomfortable for a nursing infant. I decided they wouldn't be uncomfortable for anyone, just purely delightful.

"Oh, Bob, we mustn't!" she kept whispering excitedly. "I didn't expect you to overcome my reluctance!"

She went through that whole sentence at least five or six times while I removed her blouse and mini-skirt. Then she lay back on the couch with that striking red hair falling around her round, marble like shoulders and huge thrusting breasts. Boy!

Her body was that startling white that redheaded people seem to have. Her waist was tiny and then her hips flared boldly. Her belly was centered with the deepest, sexiest belly-button I had ever visualized.

"Whew," I gasped, letting my eyes wander over her leisurely. Then I slipped my fingers under the elastic of her blue panties and pulled them down and off of her small, shapely feet.

As she moved to free them from her hips, her long, white legs drew up reluctantly, one at a time. I saw the lovely calf and round, dimpled knees, and then the snowy expanse of her rounded inner thighs. I was dazedly aware of the fact that she had developed goose-bumps in the last few seconds.

Now naked, she lay with her head turned and her eyes closed. I watched her full, glistening lips open as my hand worked between her thighs, spreading and probing gently.

My breath was fast and loud in the intimate silence of the room as I looked down and slowly examined what I had found. I discovered that she

was a natural redhead because her soft, curling pubic hair was exactly the same color.

As I examined her with my finger, her long white body twisted slowly, snakelike, and her hips began to surge upward in a powerful rhythm of movement. Her mouth fell open even more and the amazingly obscene nipples seemed to stand perfectly rigid.

I ran my finger and then my tongue into her navel. As I did I felt the taut muscles of her belly cord into ropes of unresisting strength. Her slightly drawn up thighs jerked and struck my forearms in a frenzy of sudden movement.

Bursting with excitement, I spread pouting flesh with my tongue. The silence of the room was broken by her sudden moan and her hands gripped my head like a vice. Her hips began to rotate slowly as her knees and thighs went up and back.

I looked up the snowy expanse of her belly. Her head was thrown back and her lovely lips were pursed in a soundless whistle. One leg was now thrown up and over the back of the couch and her hard buttocks lay knotted in my hands.

Finding her seat of sensual government with my tongue drew upon all of my professional ability. It lay buried, probably trembling with fright, in the inner folds of smooth, quivering flesh. As I found its hiding place and deviled it with my tongue, it emerged slowly and reluctantly.

"Ohhhh, Bob!" Doris whispered, her exclamation shocked and excited at the success of my venture. Her firm, naked body spread completely and her hips and buttocks twisted and surged in a spasm of pleasure.

A half hour crept by as I brought her twice to the peak of delight by manipulating her clitoris with my tongue. She was deeply flushed and smiling, gazing at me with a mixture of passion and

adoration.

I had erased half of her fear. It only remained to erase the other half and to instill in her a deep and abiding trust in the male segment of the population. I stripped myself as naked as she was and pulled her to the floor.

"You should examine the object of your fears, honey," I whispered laying myself flat on my back. "Things that are completely understood are seldom feared."

I was surprised at my venture into philosophy. I seldom dared to venture into the subject. I had hated it in school. In this case, however, I'm glad that I did. The sensation between my loins as she accepted my proposal was terrific.

"Oh, my gawd!" the redhead breathed, her eyes wide with excitement and surprise as my body reacted in the normal manner to her touch.

I hiccupped again and lay with my eyes closed, smiling with pride. Fulfilling my professional function as a problem solver, I let her measure and explore to her heart's content. I was forced to jerk a little as she squeezed too hard in one area and after that she was more gentle.

"So those are what Carlee didn't have?" she asked, her giggle threatening to turn into a bray again. I watched the play of delight on her face, along with the frequent furious blushes.

I let her complete her course of study to her heart's content. The old clock on the wall chimed two o'clock when I pulled her down beside me again and lay fully against her.

"I'm scared yet," she gasped in my ear as I began to explore her again from head to toe.

"You're silly, honey. All of this should have happened to you before now. It's your destiny as a beautiful woman," I breathed into her ear, feeling the amazing nipples against my chest for the first

time.

"I think I'll always be too afraid to enjoy loving anyone physically," she replied, her long, naked body shuddering as her shoulders flattened to the floor. Then she looked up into my face, anxious and afraid.

My throbbing flesh lay between us, throbbing and caressing our bellies. Patience is the key to complete success and our venture was no different. I was reluctant to hasten the situation, anyway. It was much too delightful.

Her tongue in my mouth and her arms tightening around my neck satisfied me that I could successfully eliminate her problem. She could and would overcome her fears with me. I was a little pleased and elated as it struck me that faith is exactly what she had in me. She trusted me to introduce her to the delights of sexual love without the danger of ruining her life.

By the time the clock chimed the half hour of two-thirty and I knew that she was ready as any woman ever was. She had remained quiet for long minutes with her breasts heaving madly and her head turned.

I got up and walked to my briefcase and took a packaged capsule from it. I removed the foil wrapping and then returned to Doris on the floor.

She asked me nothing as I slipped the capsule into her vagina. I pressed it deep and then French-kissed her again until the medication had melted.

Her knees slipped under my armpits and I gazed into her wide, fearful eyes. I saw her face twist with discomfort and quick sensation as I slowly penetrated her, and then my attention riveted itself to my own exquisite delight.

She was tight. Her healthy young flesh resisted my entry until the final moment and then I

shuddered as she circled me like a warm, satiny vice. The first barrier in overcoming her fears had been removed.

Penetrating her completely was a long and delightful task. Dazedly, I thanked my lucky stars for picking the floor as our battleground. We needed most of the available space. I was finding out about beautiful redheaded naked girls the hard way. She definitely was on the way to losing her fears. I found that out when she urged me into more frenzied movement.

She actually began to cry with the delight of her exploding emotions. As her nails raked my back again and again I hoped that I would remember to keep my shirt on when anyone was around. Such lacerations are unmistakable. I wished that I had counted the times that she had peaked when the old clock struck the hour of three.

The double shots had worn off of both of us and we were engrossed and sober in our lovemaking. Our two healthy young bodies came together repeatedly, draining the exquisite urgency. After a final spasm from her, mine engulfed me and she stared at the pearly semen as it lay quivering on her heaving belly.

"Oh, Bob! That was wonderful!" she sobbed, pulling my poised body hard against her own in a fit of adoration.

That's when I woke up. I looked at the clock on the mantle and it said ten minutes past nine. I remembered Janet's call an hour earlier and realized that I had gone back to sleep and had fallen into an exotic dream about the redhead, Doris. I hadn't gone to the hospital or seen Carlee at all. Neither had I brought Doris here for a drink or an educational orgy.

Shaking my head in sorrow, I got out of the sack and took a shower. I also changed my bed

linen. It needed it. I had experienced a wet dream anyway, that was for sure.

That dream bugged me all day and I couldn't wait for that evening. I intended to make a real visit to the hospital and hoped that the redhead would be there. Just maybe I could make the dream come true.

I arrived about seven and Carlee looked great. She had changed to a small, stylish pair of glasses and a nurse's aid had fixed her hair. She had padded the bra under her lacy gown and she looked about as sexy as you'd ever want. She no longer appeared to be the central figure in the Case of the Missing Tit.

In spite of the happy atmosphere and Carlee's unquenchable vigor, I felt a little sad and mournful. The sexy redhead, Doris, wasn't there.

"Has Doris been over?" I asked casually, reading the cards attached to the flowers Carlee had been receiving from friends and relatives.

"Oh, yes, she was here this morning," Carlee replied, equally casual.

My face must have fallen a little because Carlee giggled.

"She'll be back tonight. She said she'd be a little late. She wanted to buy me a comb," she added.

I must have brightened again because she giggled. I cleared my throat and wished I could light a cigarette.

"You're attracted to her, aren't you? I think she's attracted to you too," Carlee finally said, giggling some more.

"She's a loud-mouthed, beautiful sex-pot with a body that would interest any male," I laughed, flushing a little.

"Sure. She also doesn't get too intimate with boys," the happy patient replied, wiggling her finger at me.

"Besides, I think that I am formally engaged," I reminded her, a little stiff-backed, I thought.

"That's got nothing to do with being physically attracted to another girl. Love and animal lust are two different things."

"Do you think for one minute that I would step out on Janet?" I asked in mock horror.

"Yes, for more than one minute. At least as far as Doris is concerned. What man wouldn't? She practically asks for it in the way she moves and talks. I just don't think she's met the guy she trusts yet. You might be the one!" the girl giggled, displaying a depth that I hadn't credited her with. She was almost following my thinking in my dream.

Carlee and I fell into conversation about her former affliction and her future. Before I knew it visiting hours were almost over and the redhead still hadn't appeared. As I glanced at my watch I saw that there was barely fifteen minutes remaining.

At that moment Doris came in. I concealed my rush of pleasure and leered at her newly acquired wiglet and the mid-thigh mini-skirt. Boy!

"Man, do you look ready for an orgy," I gasped in mock surprise.

"I'm always ready for suggestions. Where's Janet?" she asked.

"She had to leave to see a relative. She'll be gone three days," I replied, casually placing a magazine back under the bed-side table.

"He's lonesome. Take him for a late snack and then go up and listen to his records," Carlee suggested. I could have kissed the girl right then and there for the help.

"I might lose my virgule. He's got a leering eye," Doris giggled, threatening to break out in her jackass bray.

"That's all right; you've had it too long anyway and I'll bet Bob has crammed enough to know how to do it right," Carlee retorted giggling also.

"Why, you little minx," Doris gasped, her eyes sparkling with pleasure at the banter.

"Let's just settle for the late snack for now. Other things have to just happen. You did have an excellent thought, though, Carlee," I laughed, just a bit self-consciously.

After an eternity the visiting hours ended with a bell in the hall. Each of us kissed Carlee goodbye on the cheek and promised to return the next day.

Before I knew it, the nervous redhead and I were in a coffee shop and becoming engrossed in one another. But only for about an hour.

"I don't feel right about this," Doris protested as I pulled her up the steps to my apartment.

"Neither do I. We'll just have a nightcap and talk awhile and then I'll take you home. What harm can there be in that?"

"None, I guess," she said, standing undecided for a minute and then letting me lead her the rest of the way. I made sure the door was locked once we entered. I'm sure she saw me do it, and she got a little more nervous.

It wasn't like the dream at all; the start of the evening I mean. We played records and drank just a couple of hi-balls and danced awhile. There was no sexy conversation but I did suspect that she had a problem. She was certainly afraid to trust her emotions, and her luscious, overripe body to a man. I felt that I was on solid ground when I kissed her for the first time. I did want to help overcome her fears. That was what I had been trained to do.

"Doris, relax," I whispered as I held her in my arms and sank to the couch with her.

"I can't; I don't trust myself. I've known a couple of girls who made a mess of their lives," she

gasped, her face flushed prettily as I nuzzled her neck lovingly.

"Hey, this is me, your friend and advisor. Just relax and we'll talk about your problem. Are you afraid of men?"

"Yes, that's why I have a hard time establishing a meaningful relationship with a boy. One that would lead to marriage. They always want sex before the wedding," she whispered.

Just like in the dream, I told myself. My heart began to beat a little faster as I verbally went to work.

"Honey, you need a friend to help or else you're going to be an old maid. Just settle down and enjoy it and I'll show you how silly your fears are," I coaxed, beginning to French kiss her slowly and gently.

Well, she stood for that and even began to return the kiss. I kept that successful dream in mind and went about everything just the same way I did in the dream. Why argue with success of any kind?

Her bare, thrusting breasts were exact duplicates of those in the dream. The nipples weren't quite as long, of course, but almost. She writhed and moaned a lot more though.

Her panties turned out to be a beautiful pastel green instead of blue. Her pubic hair was also just a tiny shade darker and much heavier. Boy!

I didn't remember a taste of perfume as I got busy with my tongue. Probably because I didn't know that girls used such a thing in that particular area of hot, wet flesh. At any rate, I was delighted with the situation and didn't mind the taste one bit.

She was just as passionate as in the dream. I counted each time she peaked. That was before I pulled her to the floor and stripped myself naked,

of course.

I had even obtained a capsule that day from a medical friend of mine. This time I had to explain its uses to her and she was pleased that I kept her welfare in mind. She even helped me insert it. Boy!

She was just as tight as in the dream but she moved a lot more and a lot faster. We only used about a foot of space as I penetrated her completely and listened to her squeal. She hadn't squealed in the dream; she had moaned.

If anybody thinks that a couple of hours went by before I exploded, they're crazy. I figured that first bout for about ten minutes at the most. Unlike the dream, I soon found out that she was entirely too passionate to allow me to be a super-man.

Passionate she was, her long white body with the lovely, thrusting breasts writhed and heaved constantly. She was like an earthquake under me each time she spent. Her long nails raked my back in reality and I knew that I was going to have to keep my shirt on for real.

The next two hours followed the dream exactly. We stayed locked together in one way or another and I slowly drained the pent-up desires and fears out onto the sheet.

To my surprise the old clock did strike the hour of three as the sex-bout began to come to an end. Who says that dreams don't come true? Everything had happened almost exactly as they had when I had my wet dream.

As I finish recording The Case of the Missing Breast in my professional journal, I've noted one slight difference in the dream and the seduction of Doris, the lovely sex-pot. It may be a minor point but she sure didn't see any pearly semen on her lovely white belly. Boy!

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

J. Kling and R. Dylan

We think that we have proven the old axiom which cries out that truth is stranger than fiction. We as human beings, when passing others of our kind on the street, cannot possibly conceive of the differences between us.

All of the people involved in our research cases are functioning creatures. Regardless of their peculiarities, they have managed to either live with their problems or overcome them. As strange as their physical bodies may seem to the reader, they are nevertheless fellow members of our society and should be thought of as such.

It is all too easy to make fun of others. Because sex is the primary motivation of nature, and because sex has been the whipping boy of distorted puritan philosophy, those who find themselves different than the masses are looked down upon by many of us. This is unwarranted bigotry.

Sex is both clean and desirable. It is also great fun when practiced by those who have affection for one another. There is nothing evil in the discussion or the practice of sex. Someone's excitement and lust brought each of us into being, and it is your excitement and lust which brought your children into being. Do you regret it or are you ashamed of it? For those who are different physically or mentally or emotionally, sex is equally desirable and attractive. They have to use the tools that they have to reach the same delights that you do. Could anything be more natural?

Those of us who are involved in the professional study of human behavior have as big a job educating the "normal" or "average" person as we

do in helping those who are considered different in one respect or another. The greatest problem the hermaphrodite has is not with himself but with the people with whom he must associate. The hermaphrodite, the transsexual, the bisexual and the homosexual need simple understanding more than medical or surgical aid. At least as a beginning step toward their individual goals.

If you look down upon one that is "different" in any way, take a good close look at your private thoughts and unspoken lusts. How many times have you secretly lived an orgy with an attractive man, woman or even a child? Someone that you never saw before or someone that you come into contact with daily. If you deny these natural impulses you are a liar.

As science progresses down the halls of time, what was once evil and undesirable is no longer that at all. Desire and lust come into this category. Both emotions are perfectly natural building blocks used by nature to insure the continuation of the human race. They are also tools to be used for enjoyment and recreation as mankind matures. Desire and lust when used in the framework of the laws of society are two of the greatest gifts on earth.

One of the greatest tasks remaining is for society to assure the sexual privacy of each of its citizens. If an individual who is considered "different" asks for help, help him. If he remains mute, leave him alone.

Never look down upon him; he may be happier than you are.

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The First Sex: Man
The Second Sex: Woman
The Third Sex: The Homosexual
The Fourth Sex: The Lesbian

and, strangest of all,
The Fifth Sex: The Hermaphrodite

The Hermaphrodite. Possessed of both sexes. Belonging to neither. More and less than a man. Less and more than a woman. Living in a world no normal man or woman can enter. A world which can yield the highest ecstasies and the greatest depressions. The world of THE FIFTH SEX.

TRUE CASE HISTORIES